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Merry Songs and Ballads

NATIONAL BALLAD AND SONG

Merry Songs and Ballads

PRIOR TO THE YEAR A.D. 1800

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

VOLUME II

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Merry Songs and Ballads

ANE CATHOLIC SANG

[*c.* 1581]

["Nicol Barne, his testimonie of Theodore Beze, the neu pseudo-prophet and pretendit reformator of the varld, concerning his sodomitrie bougerie with the young man Audebertus, and adulterie with Candida, ane uther mannis vyf, quha is his harlet zet for the present, composit be himself in Latin 1581"—*Ane Pleasant Garden*].

Beza, quhy bydis thou, quhy dois thou stay,
Sen Candida and Audebert ar baith away?
Thy love is in Pareis, in Orleanis thy mirth,
Zit thou vald Vezel keip to thy girlt,
Far from Candida lust of thy cors,
Far from Audebert thy gret plea-sors.

Fair veil Vezel, veil mot ze fair
Fair veil my brethering quha du-ellis thair
I may spair Vezel, my father, and you,
Bot nather Audebert nor Candida is mu.
Then quhilk of thir prefer sould I?
Quhilk sould I vissie first or espy.

Candida may onie be deerar nor thou?
Or Audebert ony preferrit to zou?
Quhat gif I cuttit my body in tuay,
And give the ane half to Candida gay,
The uther't Audebert? zit Candida nei-die
Vald Beza have hail, scho is so gre-die.

And Audebert vald Beze have hail,
So covetous is he for to prevail:
Bot I vald so thaime baith imbrace,
To be al hail vith baith in a place,
Hir with hir cunt, him with his erss,
And I betuix with ane stif terss.

Zit th'ane sould I prefer indeid,
But ô hou hard a thing is neid!
And sen the ane mon be preferd,
My fore-quarters sal be con-ferd.
To Audebert for bougo-rie,
The chiefest of my voluptie;
But Candida, gif sho complaine,
I sall hir cunt kiss laich agane!

"THE FLYE SHE SAT IN SHAMBLE ROW"

[1609]

[From *Deuteromelia*, p. 2. with music].

The Flye she sat in Shamble row,
  and shambled with her heeles I trow.
And then in came sir Cranion,
  with legs so long and many a one.

And said Ioue speede Dame Flye, Dame Flye,
  marry you be welcome good Sir quoth she:
The Master humble Bee hath sent me to thee,
  to wit and if you will his true loue be.

But shee said nay, that may not be,
  for I must haue the Butterflye:
For and a greater Lord there may not be,
  But at the last consent did shee.

And there was bid to this wedding,
  all Flyes in the field and Wormes creeping:
The Snaile she came crawling all ouer the plaine,
  with all her ioly trinckets at her traine.

Tenne Bees there came all clad in Gold,
and all the rest did them behold:
But the Thonbud refused this sight to see,
and to a Cow-plat away flyes shee.

And where now shall this wedding be?
for and hey nonny no in an old Iue tree:
And where now shall we bake our bread?
for and hey nonny in an old horse head.

And where now shall wee brew our Ale?
but euen within one Walnut shale:
And also where shall we our dinner make,
but euer vpon a galde Horse backe.

For there wee shall haue good companie,
with humbling and bumbling and much melody:
When ended was this wedding day
the Bee hee took his flye away.

And laid her downe vpon the Marsh,
betweene one Marigold and one long grasse:
And there they begot good master Gnat,
and made him the heire of all, thats flat.

THE WESTMINSTER WHORE

[1610-20]

[*Rawlinson MS.* Poet. B 35. leaf 36].

As I went to Westminster Abby
I saw a young wench on her back,
Cramming in a Dildo of Tabby
Into her—till 'twas ready to crack.
"By your leave," said I, "pretty maid,
Methinks your sport is but dry."
"I can get no better," she said, "Sir,
And Ile tell you the reason why:

"Madam P. hath a thing at her breech,
Sucks up all the scad of the town;
She's a dammed lasivious bitch,
And fucks for halfe a crown.
Now the Curse of a Cunt without hair,
And ten thousand poxes upon her,
Wee poor whores may go hang in dispair,
Wee're undone by the Maids of honour."

Then in loyalty as I was bound,
Hearing her speak in this sort,
I fuckt her thrice on the ground,
And bid her speak well of the court.

CORIDON'S SONG

[1612]

[From *Euphues' Golden Legacie*, by T. Lodge, Sig. O iij]

A Blithe and bonny Country-lasse,
heigh ho, bonny lasse;
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,
and weeping said, will none come woo me.
A smicker boy, a lither swayne,
heigh ho, a smicker swayne,
That in his loue was wanton faine,
with smiling lookes strait came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,
heigh ho, when she espide,
The meanes to make her selfe a bride,
she simpred smooth like bonny bell,
The swayne that saw her squint eide Kind,
heigh ho, squint-eide Kinde,
His armes about her body twind,
and faire lasse, how fare yee, well?

The countrie Kit said, well forsooth,
heigh ho, well forsooth;
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me crie:
Alas (said he) what garres thy griefe?
heigh ho, what garres thy griefe?
A wound (quoth she) without reliefe,
I feare a maide that I shall die.

If that be all, the shepheard said,
heigh ho, the shepheard said;
Ile make thee wiue it gentle maide,
and so recure thy maladie:
Hereon they kist with many an oath;
heigh ho, with many an oath,
And fore god Pan did plight their troth,
and to the church they hied them fast.

And God send euery pretty peate,
heigh ho the pretty peate
That feares to die of this conceite,
so kinde a friend to helpe at last:
Then maydes shall neuer long againe,
Heigh ho, to long againe;
When they finde ease for such a paine.
Thus my roundelay is past.

THE MODE OF FRANCE

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 193 of MS.].

Will you heare the Mode of france
to stopp the mouthe of those *tha*t done you? [*i.e.* dun you]
neatly Leade them in a dance,
because wee are behind in mony.

If yo*u*r Lanlord chance to call
either for dyett or for rayment,
Leade him in a dance w*i*thall,
& forgett itt in yo*u*r payment.

If yo*u*r taylor chance to strike you
w*i*th his bill, & stay noe Leasure;
Lead him in a dance that likes you,
& in-stead of coyne take measure.

If yo*u*r shoomaker come on
w*i*th his last, & neatly Lead itt;
lett [t]his eu*er*lasting done dun
see his owne boots neatly tread itt.

If your Landlady doe call,
needs must satisfye her pleasure;
current coin shee despises your carrant,
sheele be payd with standing measure.

If your Lawer finds you out
for fees for this devise or tother,
let him dance for all his goute,
& pay one Motion with another.

Thus wee range the world about,
thus wee scape then all disasters;
then Let all the world declare
that wee are nimble quicke paymasters.

A CREATURE FOR FEATURE

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 199 of MS.].

A creature, for feature I neu*er* saw a fairer,
soe witty, soe prettye, I neu*er* knew a rarer;
shee soe kind, & I soe blynd,
*tha*t I may say another day [? she may say]
"I did complaine, & I mett a swaine,
but [he] knew not how to wooe me nor doe mee,
he was soe dull conceipted.
I gaue a smile him to beguile,
I made a show to make him know,
I pincht his cheeke to make him seeke
& find some further pleasure, whose treasure
needs not to be Expected.

"I stayd him, & praide him, & p*ro*ffered him a favour;
he kist mee, & wisht me to beare w*i*th his behauior;
but hie tro lolly lolly, le silly willy cold not doe.
all content w*i*th him was spent

when he had clipt & kist me, & mist me,
& cold not . . kisse . . [*line cut off by the binder*]
then thought I, & thought noe lye,
perhapps his pipe is not yett ripe;
yett an hower may haue the power
to make itt grow in full Length & full strength;
but fooles are led in blindnesse.

"But woe mee, & woe mee! alas, I cold not raise!
itt wold not, nor cold not, doe all I cold to please.
his inke was run, his pen was done.
Iacke! art thou dead? hold vp thy head!
I will litter thee & water thee,
& feed thee with my neet,
& better, if thou wilt lye besyd me.
but all in vaine I did complaine,
his Iacke was tyrd, heed not be hyred
for all my prayers & all my teares."

WALKING IN A MEADOW GREN

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 93 of MS. Tune, *Walking in a country town* (ROBINSON'S *Schoole of Musicke*, 1603)].

Walking in a meadowe greene,
fayre flowers for to gather,
where p[r]imrose rankes did stand on bankes
to welcome comers thither,
I hard a voice w*h*ich made a Noise,
w*h*ich caused me to attend it,
I heard a lasse say to a Ladd,
"once more, & none can mend it."

They lay soe close together,
they made me much to wonder;
I knew not w*h*ich was wether,
vntill I saw her vnder.
then off he came, & blusht for shame
soe soone *tha*t he had endit;
yet still shee lyes, & to him cryes,
"Once More, & none can mend it."

His lookes were dull & verry sadd,
his courage shee had tamed;
shee bad him play the lusty lad
or else he quite was shamed;
"then stifly thrust, hee hit me iust,
ffeare not, but freely spend it,
& play about at in & out;
once more, & none can mend it."

And then he thought to venter her,
thinking the ffitt was on him;
but when he came to enter her,
the poynt turnd backe vpon him.
Yet shee said, "stay! goe not away
although the point be bended!
but toot againe, & hit the vaine!
once more, & none can Mend it."

Then in her Armes shee did him fold,
& oftentimes shee kist him,
yett still his courage was but cold
for all the good shee wisht him;
yett with her hand shee made it stand
soe stiffe shee cold not bend it,
& then anon shee cryes "come on
once, more, & none can mend it!"

"Adew, adew, sweet hart," q*uo*th hee,
"for in faith I must be gone."

"nay, then you doe me wronge," q*uo*th shee,
"to leaue me thus alone."
Away he went when all was spent,
wherat shee was offended;
Like a troian true she made a vow
shee wold have one shold mend it.

BE NOT AFRAYD

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 194 of MS.].

"Bee not affrayd thou fayrest, thou rarest
*tha*t eu*er* was made! deny me not a kisse;
then thou shalt see the Measure of pleasure
*tha*t I will haue from thee, what hurts there in this?
Then lets imbrace, & lett pleasure be free,
the world shall neere take notice how delightfull [we be.]

"I see *tha*t spyes, both peeping & creeping,
in eche corner lyes to hinder all our Ioyes;
but Cupidd shall see, & find them, & blind them
thatt hindrance wilbe to the getting of Boyes.
Then lets, &c.

[Dame Nature, faire creature]

"Venus, Iupiter, faire nature, Dame creature,
Made thee for delight, but yett for none but I;
Then lets imbrace, & riffle & trifle,

leaue a Iewell in the place, but keeptt till you
d[ye.]
Then Lets, &c.

"Nay pish! nay fye! youle venter to enter!
a trespas soe high, youle wist were vndone; [wish 'twere]
should any spie, theyle wonder, looke yonder;
but youle not fly the place you haue begunn.
Then Lets, &c.

"Now you haue enioyed the Measure of pleasure,
indeed I['m] destroyed if you speake of it againe;
for women doe proue neclected, reiected,
when freedome of love is known to other men.
Now you haue enioyed me, & all things be free,
in faith youle vndoe me if a teltale you bee.

"Then heeres my hart! Ile eu*er* endeu*er*
*tha*t wee will neu*er* p*ar*t till death assignes the
time.
were itt not you, beleeue me it wold greeue m[e]
to doo what I doo; *tha*t loue shold be a crime;
but it is a fault of soe sweet a degree,
*tha*t sure I am p*er*swaded, court nor country be
fr[ee.]"

DOE YOU MEANE

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 197 of MS.].

Doe you meane to ouerthrow me?
  out! alas! I am betraid!
what! is this the loue you show mee?
  to vndo a sillye Maide.
alas! I dye! my hart doth breake!
I dare not crye, I cannot speake!
what! all alone? nay then I finde
men are to strong for women kind.

Out vpon the maid *that* put mee
  in this roome to be alone!
yett she was noe foole to shut mee
  where I shold be seen of None.
harke! harke! alac! what Noyce is that?
o, now I see itt is the Catt.
come gentle pus, thow wilt not tell;
if all doe soe thou shalt not tell.

Seely foole! why doubts thou tellinge
  where thou didst not doubt to trust?

if thy belly fall a swellinge,
  theres noe helpe, but out itt must.
alas the spite! alas the shame!
for then I quite Loose my good name;
but yett the worst of Maids disgract,
I am not first nor shalbe last.

Once againe to try your forces,
  thus I dare thee to the feild;
time is lost *that* time diuorces
  from the pleasures loue doth yeeld.
Ah ha! fyee, fye! itt comes yett still!
itt comes, I, I! doe what you will!
my breath doth passe, my blood doth trickle?
was eu*er* lasse in such a pickle?

AS IT BEFFELL ON A DAY

[*c.* 1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 443 of MS.].

As itt beffell on a sumers day,
when Phebus in his glorye,
he was suited in his best array,—
as heere records my storye,—
2 London damsells fforth they wold ryde,
they were decked in their pompe & their pryde,
they said they wold goe ffarr & wyde
but they wold goe gather Codlyngs.

Sisters they were, exceeding ffine,
& macheless in their bewtye;
happy was the wight cold giue them wine
to expresse his loue and dutye.
soe fine, soe ffeate, so sweet, soe neate, so delicate;
O, itt wold doe you good ffor to heare them prate!
but yett intruth they haue a ffault,
to fill their belly ffull of Codlings.

Then to an orchard straight they went,
intending ffor to enter.

the younger with a bold attempt
ffirst did intend to enter:
"nay, softly!" quoth the Elder wench,
"I pray thee lett vs goe ffrom hence;
ffor heare I am in some suspence
that heare I shall not gett no Codlings."

"Art thou soe ffond? canst thou not see
what good Lucke doth abode vs?
yonder lyes a youngman vnder a tree
that with his ffruite can loade vs.
then to the Orchard straight wee will stray;
weele devise with him to sport & to play;
& then Ile warrant you without delay
heele ffill our belly ffull of codlings."

Then shee did leape ouer the ditch
as light as any ffether;
her sister after her did Leape,
now begins to ffeare no whether.
with a merry hart & a ioyffull cheere,
setting aside all care & ffeare,
seeing her sister scape soe cleere,
shee wold not Loose her share o CODLINGS;

Then shee did leape ouer the dich
as light as any arrow;
& in her leape, "ah! ah!" shee cryes,
ffeeling her smocke was narrowe,

as maydens doe *tha*t newly wedd
being taken ffrom her true louers bedd;
& w*i*th a sigh her mayden-head
were worne away w*i*th eating CODLINGS.

Her sister, on the Other side where shee attended,
bidd her haue a care, her smocke was too wyde.
w*i*th what shee was offended;
w*i*th *tha*t a nettle stonge her by the knee;
"a pox of all strait smockes!" q*uo*th shee.
seeing itt wold no better bee,
shee Layd her downe to gether CODLINGS.

SCOTCH MOGGY'S MISFORTUNE

TOGETHER WITH HER CHEARFUL HOP[E]S, THAT SHAKUM GUIE WILL BURY HIS WIFE, AND THEN MAKE MOGGY A HAPPY MOTHER

[*c.* 1635]

[*Pepys Ballads,* iii. 288].

Shakum Guie has gotten a wife,
And he is aweary of his life:
The day will come that she will dye,
And Shakum Guie will marry me:
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she,
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she,
Ha, ha, ha, Robin quoth she,
Kind Robin loves me.

My father left me a good stock,
Full forty weathers in a flock,
With geese, ducks, hens, and a fighting cock
Kind Robin, for thee:
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she, &c.

My mother sent me to the well,
Better she had gone her sell.
Robin gard my belly swell,
Kind Robin, he loves me;
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she, &c.

Robin he chast me about the stack,
Robin laid me on my back,
Robin he made my rump to crack,
Kind Robin loves me,
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she, &c.

Robin he took me by the tale,
Over the ditch he made me fall;
Robin ruffled my falale,
Kind Robin loves me;
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she, &c.

My Mammy she gave unto me
Forty marks as thou shalt see,
And I will give it aw to thee,
Kind Robin, quoth she,
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she, &c.

Ginn I was married to a laird,
I should neither spin nor card,
But fill the cup, serve to laird,
The day that I was married;
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she, &c.

Robin, Robin, let me be,
Till I have got my nurses fee
And I will drink it aw with thee,
In geud Scotch yale and brandy,
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she, &c.

Robin is o'er the water gane,
It will be long ere he come home;
On Saturday we'll give up our names,
And Sunday we'll be married;
Ha, ha, Robin, quoth she, &c.

AN

ANSWER TO MOGGY'S MISFORTUNE:

OR

THE KIND AND COURTEOUS COURTSHIP OF *Shakum Gay*, AFTER THE FUNERAL OF HIS CROSS AND FROWARD WIFE; WHICH PROVED THE TWO LOVERS HAPPY CONCLUSION

[*c.* 1635]

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 1; tune, *Robin Cushe*].

Moggy, now rejoyce and sing,
Ise present thee with a Ring,
Nay, and joyfull News I bring,
  my wife is dead and bury'd:
Therefore let's be jolly,
Drive hence Melancholly,
This night let us dally,
  next day we'll be marry'd.

To thy Shakum be not coy,
Thou'st have got a pretty Toy,
Which I'd willingly enjoy,
  and therefore sit down by me:
In my Arms I'll teaze thee,
Likewise kiss and squeeze thee,
Ise am sure 'twill please thee:
  prithee do but try me.

Ise have muckle Gold in store,
What canst thou desire more?
We shall live and ne'er be poor,
  but always blithe and bonny:
Drink good Sack and Sherry,
Always brisk and merry,
Never, never weary,
  of my dearest Honey.

My Grandsire he is stiff and old,
Likewise I know his Bloud is cold,
And will e'er long be laid in Mold,
  as being dead and bury'd:
Then Ise have his Riches,
Gray Coat, Leathern Breeches,
Oh how my Fingers Itches,
  Dearest, to be Marry'd!

Once I led a weary Life,
With a cross and froward Wife,

Which created Care and Strife,
with her I was offended:
Now the Fates betide her,
No such Scold beside her,
Now a Grave does hide her,
and my Plague is ended.

For she's clearly fled away,
And has left her *Shakum Gay*,
Long I wish'd to see this day,
but ne'er before could find it:
Now, since she is buryed,
We will not defer it,
But with speed be Marryed
and with this Kiss I bind it.

Shakum Gay, she then reply'd,
Ise will freely be your Bride,
And lig closely by your side,
'tis my will and pleasure:
Ne'er will Ise forsake t[hee]
But in Wedlock take t[hee],
And resolve to make thee
Laird of all my Treasure.

Farewel Rock and farewel Reel,
Thrice farewel my Spinning-Wheel,
Let them gang unto the Deel,
Ise freely can refuse them;

Having time and leisure,
Likewise Gold and Treasure,
Here Ise take my pleasure,
and no more will use them.

THE COY SHEPHERDESS:

OR

PHILLIS AND AMINTAS

[1641-74]

Fair Phillis in a wanton posture lyes,
Not thinking to be seen by mortall eyes
Till accidentally Amintas came,
And see her lie, which made her blush for shame;
He cast herself down by her on the Hay,
And won her love before he went away.

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 85; tune, *Phillis on the new-made Hay;* or, *Amarillis (told her swaint)*—*see* CHAPPELL'S *Popular Music*, p. 254].

Phillis on the new made hay
On a pleasant Summer's day
[posture] She in a wanton pasture lay
thinking no Shephard nigh her
Till *Amintas* came that way
and threw himself down by her.

At the first she was amaz'd
And with blushes on him gaz'd
Her beauty bright did him invite
her shape he did admire,

Her wanton dress could do no less,
then set his heart on fire.

Then Amintas mildly said,
Phillis, be not now afraid
But entertain, thy shepherd swain,
now we are met together,
Then I shall prize thy sparkling eyes
that did invite me hither.

I have rang'd the Plains about
For to find my Phillis out
My flocks I left, of joys bereft,
whilst I for thee did languish;
Tis in thy will my heart to fill
with joy, or else with anguish.

Then fair Phillis frowning said,
My privacy thou hast betraid;
Therefore be gone, let me alone,
do not disturb my pleasure,
Nor do not move thy sute of love,
but leave me to my leasure.

Never yet did Shepheards Swain
On this smooth Sicilian plain
Once dare to move my deep disdain
by such like bold intrusion,
Then cease thy suit, 'tis but in vain
I scorn such fond delusion.

When Amintas see her frown
Hoping still his joys to crown
Quoth he my dear, as I am here
I like not this behavior;
Tis lovers' bliss, to toy and kiss
it wins a Maidens favor.

Let us like the Ivy twine
And our loves in one combine
Grim *Pluto* loved *Proserpine*
her beauty did him fetter;
When thou art mine, & I am thine,
I'le please thee ten times better.

Fye for shame fond boy, she said,
Im resolv'd to live a Maid,
Thou art too young, to do me wrong
be not so bold to venture,
Whilst he poor youth, to speak the truth,
still aimed at the center.

Phillis blusht as red as blood
When his mind she understood
His bold intent for to prevent,
she us'd her best endeavor,
His resolution it was bent
for he was loath to leave her.

Hotly he persued the Game,
Whilst his heart was on a flame

She cry'd Pish nay fye for shame
'n faith you shall not do it
But the youth her overcame
and eagerly fell to it.

Thus she strived all in vain
Whilst she felt a pleasing pain,
Yet he by no means would refrain
but kindly did imbrace her,
He kist his love and told her plain
he never would disgrace her.

In great rage she flung away
Tumbling ore the new-made hay
Whilst he ashamd & breathless lay
although he then displeas'd her;
He rally'd and renewd the fray,
and manfully appeas'd her.

Thus they spent this christal day
in such wanton sports and play,
Amintas there, imbrac'd his Dear,
and bid her be lighthearted;
But night being come they hasted home,
and kindly kist and parted.

"A NYMPH
WHEN AS THE SUMMER'S BEAMS"

[1650]

[From *Academy of Complements*, p. 197].

A Nymph when as the Summers beams
made hot the colder air,
Into a fountains Chrystal streams,
to bath her did repair:
And by degrees she boldly did at length
those parts unhide:
Which to be bashful, nature made
so curious to be spyed.

Oft downward would she cast her head,
and blushing look away;
Then twist her arms, and twine her thighs,
as fearfull to betray
Her self unto her fearfull self:
thus frighted she at last,
Into the fountains swiftest streams,
her purest body cast.

The waves did proudly bear her up,
and as she waded in the silver-brook,
Seem'd not to cleanse her as she swom,
but from her purifying took.
And underneath the Chrystal streams,
*A*s she did gliding pass,
She seemed like a Lilly fair,
that's sunk into a glasse.

And as she did her dainty arms
in sundry sort display,
Oftimes she would *Narcissus*-like
With her own shadow play.
Oft would she lie upon her back:
With legs and arms both spred,
And imitate those wanton joyes,
that women use in bed.

Women their modesty forget
and often lay aside;
This Nymph, that thought her self unseen,
Was by a Shepheard spy'd:
Who ravisht with the sight he saw,
no longer staid to woo her,
But flung away his hook and scrip,
and boldly stept unto her.

She screeking dived, thought to have hid
her self, but all in vain,

The Waters to preserve her life,
did bear her up again;
The Shepherd caught her in his armes,
and laid her on the brink,
And what he did without delay,
you know, or else may think.

"AMONGST THE MYRTLES SAT MY LOVE"

[1650]

[From *The Academy of Complements*, p. 198].

Amongst the Myrtles sate my Love
With a more downy skin,
And tender breast then *Venus* Dove,
And clearer from all sin.

For her I pluckt the Mary-gold,
Whose leaves shut with the evening dew,
I said to her, rise and behold,
What pretty riddle this doth shew,
Those leaves shut in like to a cloistered Nun,
Will open when the[y] feel the radiant Sun.

What mean you by this riddle, Sir, she said,
I pray expound it then; I thus began;
Know, maids are made for men, and men for maids,
Which said, she chang'd her colour, and look'd wan.
Since you the riddle, Sir, so plain have told,
Be you my Sun I'l be your Mary-gold.

"MADAM BE COVERED, WHY STAND YOU BARE?"

[1650]

[From *The Academy of Complements*, p. 228].

Madam be cover'd, why stand you bare,
It fits not with your female sex,
We know you carry worthy ware,
Which found may be without Index.
These bare signes do but bid us look
For unknown stuffe in your two leav'd book.

Spartan Ladies some there be
Which to their suitors naked stood,
And you your bare brests let us see,
Which tells you[r] hidden parts are good.
Thus wanton *Venus* drew on *Mars*,
A bare breast shews an open——

They hang forth signs at common Inns,
That strangers may know where to lodge,
And you shew forth your naked twins,
And use them as a Brothel-badge;
These wanton signs direct men *gratis*
The high way to your *nunquam satis*.

Diana being naked seen
Did hornifie *Acteons* crest,
And the fair stript *Hebrew* Queene
Her husbands fore-head finely drest;
Shut up then Madam, flye mens scorns
For open breasts breed secret horns.

The *Persian* Matrons when their men
Before the *Medes* did flye, and fall,
For to encourage them again,
Shew'd them their bellies bare; and all.
You with your fair breasts would, belike,
Move even a heartlesse man to strike.

Our grandam *Eve* before the Fall,
Went naked, and sham'd not awhit,
You not to one, but, unto all,
Shew both your hills and naked pit:
Very well read in Rhetoricks school,
You shew us but a part for th' whole.

The mask you wear upon your face,
Upon your breasts would better shew,
By nature that's a naked place,
Then Madam use your Mask below,
Lest that some gazing fellow venter,
And so descend to loves low center.

ON A TINKER

[1656]

[From *Choyce Drollery*, p. 52].

He that a Tinker, a Tinker, a Tinker will be,
Let him leave other Loves, and come follow me.
Though he travells all the day,
Yet he comes home still at night,
And dallies, dallies with his Doxie,
And dreames of delight.
His pot and his tost in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good musick he makes;
He wanders up and down to Wakes & to Fairs,
He casts his cap, and casts his cap at the Court and its cares;
And when to town the Tinker doth come,
Oh, how the wanton wenches run,
Some bring him basons, and some bring him bowles,
All maids desire him to stop up their holes,
Prinkum Prankum is a fine dance, strong Ale is good in the winter,

And he that thrums a wench upon a brass pot,
The child may prove a Tinker.
With tink goes the hammer, the skellit and the
scummer.
Come bring me thy copper Kettle,
For the Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry
Tinker
Oh, he's the man of mettle.

A WOMAN WITH CHILD THAT DESIRED A SON, WHICH MIGHT PROVE A PREACHER

[1656]

[From *Choyce Drollery*, p. 44].

A Maiden of the *pure Society*,
Pray'd with a passing piety
That since a learned man had o're-reacht her,
The child she went withall should prove [a] Preacher.
The time being come and all the dangers past,
The Goodwife askt the Midwife
What God had sent at last.
Who answer'd her half in a laughter,
Quoth she the Son is prov'd a Daughter.
But be content, if God doth blesse the Baby,
She has a *Pulpit* where a *Preacher* may be.

IN PRAISE OF A DEFORMED WOMAN

[1656]

[From *Choyce Drollery*, p. 49].

I love thee for thy curled haire,
As red as any Fox,
Our forefathers did still commend
The lovely golden locks.
Venus her self, might comelier be,
Yet hath no such variety.

I love thee for thy squinting eyes,
It breeds no jealousie,
For when thou do'st on others look,
Methinks thou look'st on me,
Venus her self, &c.

I love thee for thy copper nose,
Thy fortune's ne're the worse,
It shews the mettal in thy face
Thou should'st have in thy purse,
Venus her self, &c.

I love thee for thy Chessenut skin,
Thy inside's white to me,

That colour should be most approv'd,
That will least changed be.
Venus her self, &c.

I love thee for thy splay mouth,
For on that amorous close
There's room on either side to kisse,
And ne'er offend the nose.
Venus her self, &c.

I love thee for thy rotten gummes,
In good time it may hap,
When other wives are costly fed,
Ile keep thy chaps on pap.
Venus her self, &c.

I love thee for thy blobber lips,
'Tis good thrift I suppose,
They're dripping-pans unto thy eyes,
And save-alls to thy nose.
Venus her self, &c.

I love thee for thy huncht back,
'Tis bow'd although not broken,
For I believe the Gods did send
Me to thee for a Token.
Venus her self, &c.

I love thee for thy pudding wast,
If a Taylor thou do'st lack,

Thou need'st not send to France for one,
Ile fit thee with a sack.
Venus her self, &c.

I love thee for thy lusty thighes
For tressels thou maist boast,
Sweet-heart thou hast a water-mill,
And these are the mill-posts.
Venus her self, &c.

I love thee for thy splay feet,
They're fooles that thee deride,
Women are alwaies most esteem'd,
When their feet are most wide.
Venus her self, &c.

THE TYRANNICAL WIFE

[1661]

[From *Merry Drollery*, p. 222].

It was a man and a jolly old man,
Come love me whereas I lay,
And he would marry a fair young wife
The clean contrary way.

He woo'd her for to wed, to wed,
Come love me whereas I lay,
But even she kickt him out of the bed
The clean contrary way.

Then for her dinner she looked due,
Come love me whereas I lay,
He had better a gone on his head to *Rome*
The clean contrary way.

She proved a gallant huswife soon,
Come love me whereas I lay,
She was every morning up by noon
The clean contrary way.

She made him go wash and wring,
Come love me whereas I lay,
And every day to dance and sing
The clean contrary way.

She made him do a worse thing than this,
Come love me whereas I lay,
To father a child was none of his,
The clean contrary way.

Hard by a bush, and under a brier,
Come love me whereas I lay,
I saw a holy Nun lye under a Frier
The clean contrary way.

To end my Song I think it long,
Come love me whereas I lay,
Come give me some drink and I'll begone
The clean contrary way.

THE MAID A BATHING

[*c.* 1661]

[*Merry Drollery Compleat*, p. 148; music in *Dancing Master*, 1650-65].

Upon a Summers day,
'Bout middle of the morn,
I spy'd a Lass that lay
Stark nak'd as she was born;
'Twas by a running Pool,
Within a meddow green,
And there she lay to cool,
Not thinking to be seen.

Then did she by degrees
Wash every part in rank,
Her Arms, her breasts, her thighs,
Her Belly, and her Flank;
Her legs she opened wide,
My eyes I let down steal,
Untill that I espy'd
Dame natures privy Seal.

I stript me to the skin,
And boldly stept unto her,
Thinking her love to win,
I thus began to wooe her:
Sweet heart be not so coy,
Time's sweet in pleasure spent,
She frown'd, and cry'd, away,
Yet, smiling, gave consent.

Then blushing, down she slid,
Seeming to be amazed,
But heaving up her head,
Again she on me gazed;
I seeing that, lay down,
And boldly 'gan to kiss,
And she did smile, and frown,
And so fell to our bliss.

Then lay she on the ground
As though she had been sped,
As women in a swoon,
Yield up, and yet not dead:
So did this lively maid,
When hot blood fill'd her vein,
And coming to herself she said,
I thank you for your pain.

THE INSATIATE LOVER

[1661]

[From *Merry Drollery*, p. 247].

Come hither my own sweet duck,
  And sit upon my knee,
That I and thou may truck
  For thy Commodity,
If thou wilt be my honey,
  Then I will be thine own,
Thou shalt not want for money
  If thou wilt make it known;
    With hey ho my honey,
      My heart shall never rue,
    For I have been spending money
      And amongst the jovial Crew.

I prethee leave thy scorning,
  Which our true love beguiles,
Thy eyes are bright as morning,
  The sun shines in thy smiles,
Thy gesture is so prudent,
  Thy language is so free,

That he is the best Student
Which can study thee;
With hey ho my honey, &c.

The Merchant would refuse
His Indies and his Gold
If he thy love might chuse,
And have thy love in hold:
Thy beauty yields more pleasure
Than rich men keep in store,
And he that hath such treasure
Never can be poor:
With hey ho my honey, &c.

The Lawyer would forsake
His wit and pleading strong:
The Ruler and Judge would take
Thy part wer't right or wrong;
Should men thy beauty see
Amongst the learned throngs,
Thy very eyes would be
Too hard for all their tongues;
With hey ho my honey, &c.

Thy kisses to thy friend
The Surgeon's skill out-strips,
For nothing can transcend
The balsome of thy Lips,
There is such vital power

Contained in thy breath,
That at the latter hour
'Twould raise a man from death;
With hey ho my honey, &c.

Astronomers would not
Lye gazing in the skies
Had they thy beauty got,
No Stars shine like thine eyes:
For he that may importune
Thy love to an embrace,
Can read no better fortune
Then what is in thy face.
With hey ho my honey, &c.

The Souldier would throw down
His Pistols and Carbine,
And freely would be bound
To wear no arms but thine:
If thou wert but engaged
To meet him in the field,
Though never so much inraged
Thou couldest make him yield,
With hey ho my honey, &c.

The seamen would reject
To sayl upon the Sea,
And his good ship neglect
To be aboard of thee:

When thou liest on thy pillows
He surely could not fail
To make thy brest his billows,
And to hoyst up sayl;
With hey ho my honey, &c.

The greatest Kings alive
Would wish thou wert their own,
And every one would strive
To make thy Lap their Throne,
For thou hast all the merit
That love and liking brings;
Besides a noble spirit,
Which may conquer Kings;
With hey ho my honey, &c.

Were *Rosamond* on earth
I surely would abhor her,
Though ne'r so great by birth
I should not change thee for her;
Though Kings and Queens are gallant,
And bear a royal sway,
The poor man hath his Talent,
And loves as well as they,
With hey ho my honey, &c.

Then prethee come and kiss me,
And say thou art mine own,
I vow I would not miss thee

Not for a Princes Throne;
Let love and I perswade thee
My gentle suit to hear:
If thou wilt be my Lady,
Then I will be thy dear;
With hey ho my honey, &c.

I never will deceive thee,
But ever will be true,
Till death I shall not leave thee,
Or change thee for a new;
We'll live as mild as may be,
If thou wilt but agree,
And get a pretty baby
With a face like thee,
With hey ho my honey, &c.

Let these perswasions move thee
Kindly to comply,
There's no man that can love thee
With so much zeal as I;
Do thou but yield me pleasure,
And take from me this pain,
I'll give thee all the Treasure
Horse and man can gain;
With hey ho my honey, &c.

I'll fight in forty duels
To obtain thy grace,

I'll give thee precious jewels
  Shall adorn thy face;
E'r thou for want of money
  Be to destruction hurl'd,
For to support my honey
  I'll plunder all the world;
    With hey ho my honey, &c.

That smile doth shew consenting,
  Then prethee let's be gone,
There shall be no repenting
  When the deed is done;
My bloud and my affection,
  My spirits strongly move,
Then let us for this action
  Fly to yonder grove,
    With hey ho my honey, &c.

Let us lye down by those bushes
  That are grown so high,
Where I will hide thy blushes;
  Here's no standers by
This seventh day of *July*,
  Upon this bank we'll lye,
Would all were, that love truly,
  As close as thou and I;
    With hey ho[,] my honey, &c.

JOHN AND JONE

[1661]

[From *Merry Drollerie*, ii. 46].

If you will give ear,
And hearken a while what I shall tell,
I think I must come near,
Or else you cannot hear me well:
It was a maid, as I heard say,
That in her Masters Chamber lay,
For maidens must it not refuse,
In Yeomans houses they it use
In a truckle bed to lye,
Or in a bed that stands thereby,
Her Master and her Dame
Would have the maid do the same.

This maid she could not sleep
When as she heard the bedstead crack,
When Captain Standish stout
Made his Dame cry out you hurt my back,
Fye she said you do me wrong,
You lye so sure my breast upon.

But you are such another man,
You'd have me do more than I can;
Fie Master, then quoth honest *Joane*,
I pray you let my Dame alone;
Fie, quoth she, what a coyl you keep,
I cannot take no rest nor sleep.

This was enough to make
A Maiden sick and full of pain,
For she did fling and kick,
And swore she'd tear her smock in twain;
But now to let you understand,
They kept a man whose name was *John*,
To whom this Maiden went anon,
And unto him she made her moan:
Tell me *John*, tell me the same,
What doth my Master to my Dame?
Tell me *John*, and do not lye,
What ailes my Dame to squeak and cry?

Quoth *John*, your Master he
Doth give your Dame a steel at night,
And though she find such fault,
It is her only hearts delight:
And you *Jone*, for your part,
You would have one with all your heart;
Yes indeed, quoth honest *Jone*,
Therefore to thee I make my moan;
But *John* if I may be so bold,

Where is there any to be sold?
At *London* then quoth honest *John*,
Next market day I'll bring thee one.

What is the price quoth *Jone*,
If I should chance to stand in need?
Why twenty shillings, then quoth *John*
For twenty shillings you may speed;
The Maid then went unto her Chest,
And fetch'd him twenty shillings just:
There *John*, quoth she, here is the Coyn,
And prethee have me in thy mind,
And, honest *John*, out of my store
I'll give thee two odd shillings more.

To market then went *John*,
When he had the money in his purse,
He domineer'd and swore,
And was as stout as any horse:
Some he spent in Wine and Beer,
And some in Cakes and other good Cheer,
And some he carried home again
To serve his turn another time;
O *John*, quoth she, thou't welcome home;
God-a-mercy, quoth he, gentle *Jone;*
But prethee *John*, now let me feel,
Hast thou brought me home a steel?

Yes that I have, quoth John,

And then he took her by the hand,
He led her straight into a room
Where she could see nor Sun nor Moon,
The door to him he straight did clap,
He put the steel into her lap,
And then the Maid began to feel,
Cods foot, quoth she, 'tis a goodey steel:
But tel me, *John*, and do not lye,
What makes these two things hang here by?
O *Jone* to let thee understand
They're the two odd shillings thou putst in
my hand
[If I had known so much before
I wou'd have given thee two shillings more.] [Other version]

"SHE'S SO BONNY AND BRISK"

[1668]

[From "*She wou'd if she Cou'd*, iii. 3, by Sir Geo Etherege].

She's so bonny and brisk,
How she'd curvet and frisk,
If a Man were once mounted upon her!
Let me have but a leap,
Where 'tis wholesom and cheap,
And a fig for your Person of Honour.

AS I WALK'D IN THE WOODS

[1672]

[By T. Shadwell in *The Miser*, ii. 2].

As I walk'd in the woods one evening of late,
A Lass was deploring her hapless estate,
She sigh'd, and she sob'd, Ah wretched she said;
Will no youth come to succour a languishing Maid?
Shall I still sigh and cry, and look pale and wan,
And languish for ever for want of a man?

At first when I saw a young man in the place,
My colour would fade, and then flush in my face,
My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o're;
I thought 'twas an Ague, but Alas it was more,
For e're since I've sigh'd, and do what I can,
I find I must languish for want of a man.

When in bed all the night I weep on my Pillow,
To see others happy, while I wear the *Willow;*
I revenge myselfe on the innocent sheet,
Where in rage I have oftentimes made my Teeth
meet:

But all this won't serve, let me do what I can,
I find I must languish for want of a man.

Now all my fresh colour deserted my face,
And let a pale greenness succeed in the place,
I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my meat,
And nothing but *Chalk*, *Lime*, or *Oatmeal*, can eat:
But in my despair I'le die if I can,
And languish no longer for want of a man.

'AS I LAY MUSING ONE NIGHT"

[1672]

[From *Windsor Drollery*, p. 22].

As I lay musing one night in my Bed,
After I weary was with sleep,
A day 'gan peep,
Many odd fancies came into my head:
Women were first that came into my mind.
For we do daily find
They molest most our rest,
Cruel be they, or kind.

Next thing which my fancy did propound,
Was, what a maiden-head would prove,
Which men so love;
Since it is never lost till it be found:
And then the Finder, if he be wise,
Ought not to boast his prize;
'Cause that it never yet
Was seen by mortal eyes.

Then why a Cuckold should suffer such scorn,
For what's another's fault, not his,
Appears amiss:
If right, the women should wear the horn:
And if each Cuckold his horns should wear,
I should shrewdly fear,
It would be strange to see
Men without horns appear.

Fourthly, a reason would gladly be known,
Why women we kind-hearted see,
Should Carted be,
For making use of what is but their own:
If they may have their legs for to go,
And their fingers to sow,
Why not that thing for what
It was ordain'd also?

AN AMOROUS DIALOGUE BETWEEN JOHN AND HIS MISTRISS:

BEING A COMPLEAT AND TRUE RELATION OF SOME MERRY PASSAGES BETWEEN THE MISTRIS AND HER APPRENTICE, WHO PLEASED HER SO WELL, THAT SHE REWARDED HIM WITH FIFTY BROADPIECES FOR HIS PAINS.

Here by this dialogue you may discern,
While old cats nibble cheese, the young ones learn.

[1572-76]

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 12: tune, *Packington's Pound*; or, *What should a young woman*; or, *Captain Digby*].

Come, *John*, sit thee down I have some what to say,
In my mind I have kept it this many a day,
Your master you know is a Fool, and a Sot,
And minds nothing else but the Pipe and the Pot.
Till twelve or till one he will never come home,
And then he's so drunk that he lies like a Mome:
Such usage as this would make any one mad,
But a Woman will have it if 'tis to be had.

'Tis true forsooth mistris, the case is but hard,
That a woman should be of her pleasure debar'd:
But 'tis the sad fate of a thousand beside,
Or else the whole City is fouly beli'd:
There is not a man among twenty that thrives,
Not ten in fifteen that do lie with their Wives:
Yet still you had better be merry than sad,
And take it wherever it is to be had.

But *John*, 'tis a difficult matter to find,
A man that is trusty and constantly kind:
An Inns-of-Court Gallant he cringes and bows,
He's presently known by his Oaths and his Vows,
And though both his cloaths and his speeches be gay,
Yet he loves you but onely a night and away:
Such usage as this would make any one mad,
Yet a woman will have it, if 'tis to be had.

What think you of one that belongs to the Court,
They say they are youthful, and given to sport:
He'l present you with bracelets, and jewels, & Rings,
With stones that are precious, & twenty fine things;
Or if you are not for the Court nor the Town,
What think you forsooth of a man with a Gown?
You must have a gallant, a good or a bad,
And take it where ever it is to be had.

THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE

No *John* I confess that not any of these,
Had ever the power my fancy to please;
I like no such blades for a trick that I know,
For as soon as they've trod they are given to crow;
Plain dealing is best, and I like a man well,
That when he has kiss'd will be hang'd ere he'l tell:
My meaning is honest, and thou art the Lad,
Then give it and take it where 'tis to be had.

Alas! my dear mistris, it never can be,
That you can affect such a fellow as me:
Yet heaven forbid, since I am but your man,
I should ever refuse to do all I can;
But then if my master should know what we've done,
We both shou'd be blown up as sure as a Gun:
For after our joys, he would make us sad,
For taking it where it ought not to be had.

But how shou'd he know it thou scrupulous Elf,
Do'st think I'me so silly to tell him my self?
If we are but so wise our own counsel to keep,
We may laugh and lye down while the sot is asleep:
Some hundreds I know in the city that use

To give to their men what their masters refuse:
The man is the master, the Prentice the Dad,
For women must take it where 'tis to be had.

Some Prentices use it, forsooth, I allow,
But I am a Novice and cannot tell how:
However, I hope that I shall not be blam'd,
For to tell you the truth I am somwhat asham'd;
I know how to carry your Bible to Church,
But to play with my mistris I'me left in the lurch:
Yet if you can shew me the way good or bad,
I'le promise you all that there is to be had.

You quickly may learn it, my *Johnny*, for... Thus,
Before you proceed we begin with a buss;
And then you must clasp me about with your arm;
Nay, fear me not *Johnny* I'le do thee no harm;
Now I sigh, now I tremble, now backwards I lye,
And now dear *Johnny*, ah now I must dye:
Oh! who can resist such a mettlesome Lad,
And refuse such a pleasure when 'tis to be had.

Alas, pritty mistry the pleasure is such,
We never can give one another too much:
If this be the business the way is so plain,
I think I can easily find it again:
'Twas thus we began; and... Thus we lye down,
And thus.... Oh thus! that we fell in a swoun:
Such sport to refuse who was ever so mad,
I'le take it where ever it is to be had.

Now, *Johnny* you talk like an ignorant mome,
You can have such pleasures no where but at
home,
Here's fifty broad pieces for what you have done,
But see that you never a gadding do run:
For no new imployment then trouble your brains,
For here when you work you'l be paid for your
pains:
But shou'd you deceive me no woman so sad,
To lose all the pleasure that once she has had.

A mistris so noble I never will leave,
'Twere a sin and a shame such a friend to deceive;
For my Master's shop no more will I care,
'Tis pleasanter handling my mistrisses ware:
A fig for Indentures, for now I am made
Free of a Gentiler and pleasanter trade:
I know when I'me well, I was never so mad,
To forsake a good thing when 'tis to be had.

A MERRY DISCOURSE BETWEEN A COUNTRY LASS AND A YOUNG TAYLOR:

SHEWING

How the Taylor lost his plight and pleasure,
His yard not being, by the Standard, Measure.

[1672-75]

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 80; tune, *Kester Crab*].

In harvest-time I walked
hard by a corn-close side;
I hearing people talk,
I looked about, and spy'd

A young man and a maid,
together they did lye;
When you hear it told,
You'l laugh full heartily.

She was as buxsome a Lass
as any in our Town;
She will not let you pass,
but she'l call you to sit down.

A Taylor passing by,
she hit him on the heele:
You are very welcome Sir,
to sit you down and feele.

What money's in my purse,
at your command shall be,
If you will go along
to *Marson wake* with me.

He hearing her say so,
and seeing her to smile,
Was charmed with her, so
he sate him down a while.

And having groped her purse,
and taken all her money,
He grop'd again, and mist,
And caught her by the Coney.

Where am I now? (quoth he)
another I have found;
Its not the same, (quoth he)
for this is tufted round.

If it be tufted round, (quoth she)
there is good reason for't;
There in such treasure lyes
will make a Taylor sport.

He hearing her say so,
being a frollicksome Lad,
Was willing for to know
more of the fringed bag.

With that he eagerly
to feel put forth his hand;
Nay, hold good Sir, said she,
go not before you stand.

Except you take your Yard,
the depth of it to measure,
You'l find the Purse so deep,
You'l hardly come to th'treasure.

He hearing her say so,
it put him to a stand;
She seeing him dismaid,
she took his Yard in hand:

Is this your Yard, quoth she,
is this your Taylor's measure?
It is too short for me,
it is not Standard-Measure.

The Taylor being abashed,
she told him that it was
More fitter for a man
than such a penny Ass.

She bids him now be gone,
since he could make no sport,
And said, thou art too dull
to enter such a fort.

She looking fiercely at him,
she said, thou sneaking fool,
Go straight away to *Vulcan*,
and let him mend thy tool:

And tell him that Dame *Venus*
at him is almost mad,
For sending to her School
such an unfit Lad.

You Taylors that attempt
fringed bags to measure,
Be sure your Yards be sealed,
and [of] full Standard-Measure.

"WHIL'ST ALEXIS LAY PREST"

[1673]

[By DRYDEN in *Marriage-a-la-mode*, iv. 2].

Whil'st *Alexis* lay prest
In her Arms he lov'd best,
With his hands round her neck,
And his head on her breast,
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

When *Cœlia* saw this,
With a sigh, and a kiss,
She cry'd, Oh my dear, I am robb'd of my bliss;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

The Youth, though in haste,
And breathing his last,
In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast;
Till at length she cry'd, Now, my dear let us go,
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too.

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis did try
To recover new breath, that again he might die:
Then often they di'd; but the more they did so,
The Nymph di'd more quick, and the Shepherd
more slow.

EPITHALAMIUM

[1673]

[By DRYDEN in *Amboyna*, iii. 1].

The day is come, I see it rise,
Betwixt the Bride's and Bridegroom's Eyes,
That Golden day they wish'd so long,
Love pick'd it out amidst the throng;
He destin'd to himself this Sun,
And took the Reins and drove him on;
In his own Beams he drest him bright,
Yet bid him bring a better night.

The day you wish'd arriv'd at last,
You wish as much that it were past,
One minute more and night will hide,
The Bridegroom and the blushing Bride.
The Virgin now to Bed do's goe:
Take care oh Youth, she rise not soe;
She pants and trembles at her doom,
And fears and wishes thou woul'dst come.

The Bridegroom comes, He comes apace
With Love and Fury in his Face;

She shrinks away, He close pursues,
And Prayers and Threats, at once do's use,
She softly sighing begs delay,
And with her hand puts his away,
Now out aloud for help she cryes,
And now dispairing shuts her Eyes.

THE BACHELOR'S SONG

[1674]

[By Thomas Flatman, *Poems and Songs*, p. 63].

Like a Dog with a bottle fast ti'd to his tail,
Like Vermin in a trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Or like a *Tory* in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog:
Such is the man, who when he might go free,
Does his liberty lose,
For a Matrimony noose,
And sels himself into Captivity;
The Dog he do's howl, when his bottle do's jog,
The Vermin, the Theif, and the *Tory* in vain
Of the trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain.
But welfare poor *Pug!* for he playes with his Clog;
And tho' he would be rid on't rather than his life,
Yet he luggs it and he hug's it as a man does his wife.

THE SECOND PART

How happy a thing were a wedding,
and a bedding,
If a man might purchase a wife
For a twelve month, and a day:
But to live with her all a mans life,
For ever and for ay,
Till she grow as grey as a Cat,
Good faith Mr. Parson, I thank you for that.

AMYNTAS

[1674]

[From *Bristol Drollery*, p. 99].

After long service, and a thousand vows
To her glad Lover, she more kindness shews:
Oft had *Amyntas* with her tresses plai'd,
When the Sun's vigour drove 'em to a shade;
And many a time h' had given her a green Gown;
And oft he kist her when he had her down.
With signs and motions he to her made known
What fain he wou'd have done, then with a frown
She wou'd forbid him, till the minute came
That she no longer cou'd conceal her flame.

The Am'rous Shepherd forward to espie
Loves yielding motions triumph in her eye.
With eager transport, strait himself addrest,
To taste the pleasure of so rich a feast,
When with resistance, and a seeming flight,
As 'twere t'increase her Lovers appetite;
Unto a place where flowers thicker grew,
Out of his arms, as swift as air she flew:
Daphne ne'r run so light and fast as she,

When from the God's she fled, and turn'd t'a Tree.

The Youth pursu'd, nor needs he run amain,
Since she intended to be overta'ne.
He drop't no Apple, nor no golden ball,
To stay her flight, for she her self did fall.
Where, 'mongst the Flowers, like *Flora's* self she lay,
To gain more breath, that she might los't in play:
She pluckt a Flower, and at *Amyntas* threw,
When he addrest to crop a flower too.
Then a faint strife she seemed to renew,
She smil'd, she frown'd, she wou'd, and wou'd not doe.

At length o'recome, she suffers with a sigh,
Her ravish'd Lover use his Victory:
And gave him leave to punish her delay,
With double vigour in the Am'rous fray.
And then, alas! soon ended the delight,
For too much Love had hastn'ed its flight;
And ev'ry ravisht sense too soon awake,
Rap't up in bliss it did but now partake:
Which left the Lovers in a state to prove,
Long were the pains, but short the joyes of Love.

"COME, LET'S DRINK THE NIGHT AWAY"

[1674]

[From *Bristol Drollery*, p. 26].

Come, let's drink the night away,
  Let the married sleep it out,
(After a short minutes play
  At the Sport) we'l drink about.

Fill the Glass up, when 'tis out,
  Those are pleasures are but vain,
Whil'st they empty at a bout
  What they cant recruit again.

Every minute we will sport us,
  And in no fond Amours burn,
Let the Lasses woo and court us,
  E're we do them a good turn.

Yet to make up our delight,
  Wee'l have Wine and Wenches too,
At the one to pass a night,
  And sometimes give these their due.

"ONCE, TWICE, THRICE, I JULIA TRY'D"

[*b.* 1695]

[A Broadside Catch with music by H. PURCELL].

Once, Twice, Thrice I Julia try'd,
The Scornful Puss as oft deny'd,
And since, and since, I can no better, better thrive,
I'll cringe to ne'er a Bitch alive,
So kiss my arse, so kiss my arse, so kiss my arse,
So kiss my arse disdainful Sow,
Good Claret, good Claret is my mistress now.

"JOAN HAS BEEN GALLOPING"

[1682]

[From *Wit and Mirth*, p. 119].

Joan has been Galloping, Galloping, Galloping,
Joan has been Galloping all the Town o're,
'Till her Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle,
Untill her Bumfiddle was wonderous sore;
Without e're a Saddle upon her old Jade,
To fetch her good Man from the Alehouse Trade.

THE FOUR-LEGG'D QUAKER

[1682]

[From *Wit and Mirth*, p. 81].

All that have two or but one ear,
(I dare not tell ye half)
You of an *Essex* Colt shall hear
Will shame the very *Calf.*
In *Horsley* Fields near *Colchester*
A Quaker would turn Trooper;
He caught a Foal and mounted her
(O base!) below the Crupper.
Help, Lords and Commons, once more help,
O send us Knives and Daggers!
For if the Quakers be not gelt
Your Troopes will have the Staggers.

Ralph Green (it was this Varlet's name)
Of *Colchester* you'll swear,
From thence the *Four-legg'd Elder* came,
was ever such a Pair!
But though 'twas foul 'tween *Swash* and *Jane*,
yet this is ten times worse,

For then a Dog did play the Man,
but Man now play'd the Horse.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

The owner of the Colt was nigh,
(observing their Embrace)
And drawing nearer did espie
The Quaker's sorrell Face:
My Foal is ravish'd (then he cryes,
and fiercely at him ran),
Thou Rogue, I'll have the halter'd twice,
as Horse and eke as Man!
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

Ah, Devil, do'st thou tremble? now
'tis sore against thy will;
For Mares and preaching Ladies know
Thou hast a Colts tooth still:
But mine's not guilty of this Fact,
she was by thee compelled;
Poor thing, whom no man ever backt
thou wickedly has Bellied.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

O Friend (said *Green*, with sighs and groans)
let this thy wrath appease!
(And gave him then eight new half-Crowns
to make him hold his peace)
The Man reply'd, though I for this

conceal thy Hugger Mugger,
Do'st think it lawfull for a Piece
a silly Foal to Bugger?
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

The Master saw his Colt defil'd
which vext his soul with doubt;
For if his Filly prov'd with Child
he knew all would come out:
Then he afresh began to rave,
(for all his Money taking)
Neighbours, said he, I took this Knave,
i'th very act of *Quaking.*
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

Then to the Pinfold (Gaol I mean)
they dragg'd him by the Mane,
They call'd him Beast, they call'd her Quean,
as if she had been *Jane*
O stone him (all the women cry'd),
nay Geld him (which is worse),
Who scorn'd us all and took a Bride
that's Daughter to a Horse!
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

The Colt was silent all this while,
and therefore 'twas no Rape,
The virgin Foal he did beguile,
and so intends to scape:

For though he got her in a Ditch
where she could not revolt,
Yet he had no *Scott'sh Spurr* nor Switch
to ride the willing Colt.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

O Essex, Essex, England's pride,
go burn this long-tail'd Quean,
For though the *Thames* runs by thy side,
it cannot wash the clean!
'Tis not thy Bleating Sonn's complaints,
hold forth such wanton courses,
Thy Oysters hint the very Saints
to horn the very Horses.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

Though they salute not in the Street
(because they are our Masters)
'Tis now reveal'd why *Quakers* meet
in Meadows, woods, and Pastures.
But Hors-men, Mare-men, all and some
who Man and Beast perplex,
Not only from East-Horsly come,
but from *West-Middle-Sex.*
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

This was not GREEN the *Feltmaker,*
nor willow GREEN the *Baker,*
Nor GEORGE the Sea-GREEN *Mariner,*

but RALPH the Grass-GREEN *Quaker.*
Had GREEN the Sow-gelder but known,
and done his office duly,
Though RALPH was GREEN when he came on,
he had come off most blewly.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

Alass you by Man's flesh came
The *Foul* disease to *Naples,*
And now we fear the very same
is brake into our Stables;
For death has stolen so many Steeds
from Prince and Peer and Carrier,
That this new Murrain rather need's
a *FARRAR than a Farrier.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

* *Physician to the Earl of Pembroke who is no Quaker nor Quacker.*

Nay if this GREEN within the Walls
of Colchester left forces,
Those Cavaliers were Caniballs,
eating his humane Horses!
But some make man their *second course,*
(in cool blood will not spare)
Who butcher Men and favour Horse
will couple with a Mare.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

This Centaur, unquoth *Other* thing,
will make a dreadfull Breach:

* *A new Sect of Young Men and Women who pray, eat and sing ex* tempore.

Yet though an Ass may Speak or * Sing
ô let not Horses Preach!
But Bridle such wild Colts who can
when they'll obey no Summons,
For things begot 'tween Mare and Man
are neither Lords nor Commons.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

O Elders, Independants too
though all your Powers combin'd,
Quakers will grow too strong for you
now Horse and Man are joyn'd:
While Cavaliers, poor foolish Rogues,
know only Maids Affairs,
She-Presbyters can deal with Dogs,
and *Quaking* Men with Mares.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

Now as when *Milan* Town was rear'd,
a Monstrous Sow untam'd,
With black half Hair half Wool appear'd,
'twas *Mediolanum* nam'd:
Colchester must have recourse
to some such four legg'd Sister,
For sure as *Horsley* comes from Horse
from Colt 'twas call'd Colchester.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

"FROM TWELVE YEARS OLD, I OFT HAVE BEEN TOLD"

[1682]

[*Wit and Mirth*, p. 18].

From Twelve years old, I oft have been told,
A Pudding it was a delicate bit;
I can Remember my Mother has said,
What a Delight she had to be Fed
With a Pudding.

Thirteen being past, I long'd for to taste,
What Nature or Art, could make it so sweet;
For many gay Lasses, about my Age,
Perpetually speak on't, that puts me in a rage
For a Pudding.

Now at Fifteen, I often have seen,
Most Maids to admire it so;
That their Humour and Pride is to say,
O what a Delight they have for to play
With a Pudding.

When I am among, some Wives that are young
Who think they shall never give it due praise;
It is sweet, It is good, It is pleasant still,
They cry, they think they shall ne'er have their fill
Of a Pudding.

The greater sort of the Town and the Court,
When met, their Tongues being tipp'd with Wine;
How merry and Jocund their Tattles do run,
To tell how they ended, and how they begun
With a Pudding.

Some Ancient Wives, who most of their Lives,
Have daily tasted of the like Food;
Now for want of Supplies, do Swear and Grumble,
That still they're able enough to Mumble
A Pudding.

Now, now I find, Cat will to kind,
Since all my Heart, and Blood is on fire;
I am resolv'd whatever comes on't,
My Fancy no longer shall suffer the want
Of a Pudding.

For I'll to *John*, who says he has one,
That's cramm'd as close as a Cracker or Squib;
Who ever is telling me when we do meet,
Of the wishing desires and sweetness they get
In a Pudding.

I thought at first, it never would burst,
It was as hard as Grissel or Bone;
But by the Rowling and Trowling about,
How kindly and sweetly the Marrow flew out
Of his Pudding.

Well, since I ne'er was fed with such geer,
Until my *John* did prove so kind;
I made a request to prepare again,
That I might continue in Love with the strain
Of his Pudding.

Then straight he brought, what I little thought,
Could ever have been in its former plight;
He Rumbl'd and Jumbl'd me o'er, and o'er,
Till I found he had almost wasted the store
Of his Pudding.

Then the other Mess, I begg'd him to dress,
Which by my Assistance was brought to pass;
But by his dulness and moving so slow,
I quickly perceiv'd the stuffing grew low
In his Pudding.

Tho' he grew cold, my Stomach did hold,
With Vigour to relish the other bit;
But all he could do, could not furnish again,
For he swore he had left little more than the Skin
Of his Pudding.

"WHEN A WOMAN THAT'S BUXOM"

[1682]

[From *Wit and Mirth*, p. 122].

When a woman that's Buxom a dotard does wed,
'Tis a madness to think she'l be ty'd to his bed;
For who can resist a Gallant that's young,
And a man A-la-mode in his Garb and his Tongue;
His looks have such Charms and his Language such force,
That the drowsie Mechanick's a Cuckold of Course.

"WHEN JUDITH LAID HOLOFERNES IN BED"

[1682]

[From *Wit and Mirth*, p. 118].

When *Judith* had laid *Holofernes* in Bed,
She pull'd out his Falchion, and cut off his Head;
The Reason is plain, he'd have made her his Whore;
So she cut off his Head, as I told you before, as I told you before.

"BESS BLACK AS A CHARCOLE"

[1682]

[From *Wit and Mirth*, p. 116].

Bess Black as a Charcole,
Was found in a dark hole,
With *Kit*, at the *Cat and the Fiddle;*
But what they did there,
None safely can swear,
Yet Gentlemen Riddle my Riddle.

'Troth I would be loth,
Were I put on my oath,
To swear *Kit* with *Bess* did ingender;
Yet it would tempt a man,
Bridle all that he can,
His present wishes do tender.

But it was found at last,
E're twelve-months were past,
That *Christopher*, *Bess* had ore master'd;
For betwixt either Thigh
He Quartered so nigh,
She brought him a Jolly brown Bastard.

THE WILLING MIDA

[*c.* 1682]

[From *MS.* in the British Museum].

Mida, the glory of whose bewties rayse rays
Gain'd heauens high wounder, and earthes best praise,
She, Thirsis met, both faire and louely too;
He likt hir well, but knewe not howe to woe.

They, arme in arme, into the garden walked,
Where endelesse riddles all the day they taulked;
Hir speech and motion wisely had an ende,
Yet knewe he not whereto they did attende.

She, greiued to see his youth noe better taught,
To gather him a posy he hir besaught:
With that, hir light saye gowne she then vpp tuckt,
And "May" for him, and "Tyme" for hir, she pluckt.

Which, when she brought, he took hir by the middle,
And kist her oft, but could not reade the riddle:
"Oh, foole!" quothe shee, and so burst into laughter,
Blusht, rann away, and scorn'd him euer after.

THE LONDON LASSES FOLLY;

OR

THE MAIDEN BEGUIL'D

The maiden wild she was beguil'd
to lose her maidenhead,
And when that he had got his will,
away from her he fled.

[*c.* 1685]

[*Pepys Ballads*, iii. 236 (Ballad Society Rep. iii. 351); tune, *The Journeyman Shooe maker*].

Not long ago it chanced so,
abroad as I was walking,
A damsel fair I soon espy'd,
and to her-self was talking:
"Ah! woe is me, poor wretch," quoth she,
that had not forcast rather,
For now am I grown big with bearn,
but I do not know the father.

"One night when I lay in my bed
to sleep, as it was needful,

And having but a careless head,
and being much unheedful,
A young-man came, but not his name
by him I could not gather,
That night I'me sure, I prov'd with bearn,
but I do not know the father.

"He made no stay, but whipt away,
when he had had his pleasure,
O that night's work hath me undone!
I may repent at leisure;
Now will I ramble up and down
to find out this young shaver,
For, if he live in London-town,
my child shall have a father.

"I think no Carpenter was he,
no Shipwright, nor no Saylor,
I rather think it for to be
Some lusty jovial Taylor:
Or if he were a Glover good,
a Black-smith or a Weaver,
My meaning may be understood,
my child should have a father.

"Or if he were a Butcher bold,
a Baker, or a Brewer,
No secret place my friend shall hold,
but I will find him sure;

Or if he were a Serving-man,
a Royster, or a Shaver,
I'le find my gallant, if I can,
my child shall have a father.

"But if I can by no means find
the man that I adorn Sir,
I'le rest myself content in mind,
until my child is born Sir;
And when he comes to 7 years old,
I by my child shall gather,
For he will be of qualities
like unto his right father.

"For if a Fleming got my child,
he will eat all the butter;
Or if he be a Spaniard wild,
he'll keep a deadly clutter:
Or if he be an Irish Teague,
my child will ride the hobby;
Or if he be a Welsh-man like,
Cetts-plues he loves *Cows-bobby*.

[Cow's bobby = toasted cheese].

"Or if he be a Scotch-mans son,
he will begin a quarrel;
Or if he be of French-mans bone,
he'll pawn his best apparel:
Or if he be a Souldier's son,
I buy him a hat and feather,

And with a drum I'll send my son
to seek out his right father."

When she had finish'd all her talk
from thence she soon departed,
And then another way did walk,
both blith and merry hearted;
But then I cannot now surmise,
or any way can gather,
Or which way then she could devise
to find out her child's father.

AN ANSWER TO THE BONNY SCOT;

OR

THE SORROWFULL COMPLAINT OF THE YIELDING LASS

In care and grief without Relief,
this yielding Lass was left;
In this Distress and Heaviness
she was of Hopes bereft.

[*c.* 1685-88]

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 13; tune, *The Spinning Wheel*].

Behold, I pray, what's come to pass,
when twenty Weeks was come and gone,
This bonny youthful yielding Lass,
did sigh, and bitterly take on,
Saying, *My Grief I may reveal,*
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

With honey words, both soft and sweet,
alas! he has deluded me.

My Heart within my Breast does beat,
to see my woful Destiny;
My Virgin Treasure he did steal,
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

Each Complement I did believe,
so serpent-like he did betray,
That had there been a second *Eve,*
she hardly could have said him nay:
The sad effects of this I feel,
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

He utter'd not one word of Truth,
but with Delusions led me on,
And cropt the Rose-bud of my Youth,
so that my splendid Glory's gone:
My wounded Heart no one can heal,
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

I am a Damsel now defil'd,
and am exposed to open shame,
For here I find myself with Child,
and have no Father for the same,
My very Tears do's c Grief reveal,
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

For my young Scot sad moan I make,
whose Beauty did my favour win;
I find him like a painted Snake,

that's fair without, and false within:
His cruel Sting I yet do feel,
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

He came with a most noble Grace,
so sweet so charming, fair and trim,
That I no sooner see his Face,
but streight I did consent to him;
Such flames of Love I then did feel,
Which made me leave my Spinning-wheel.

My love no favour will allow,
he's gone and yields me no relief;
For that small dram of Pleasure, now
I feel a hundred weight of Grief:
My Sorrows I cannot reveal,
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

Some Gallants most deceitful are,
as by Experience I may say,
They'll call a Damsel charming Fair,
until their Hearts they do betray:
In grief I may this truth reveal,
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

THE NORTHERN DITTY

OR

SCOTCH MAN OUT-WITTED BY THE COUNTRY DAMSEL

[1685-87]

[*Roxburgh Ballands*, ii. 374; words by T. DURFEY; tune, *Cold and Raw the North did blow;* music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii].

Cold and Raw the North did blow,
bleak in the morning early;
All the Trees were hid with Snow,
cover'd with Winters yearly:
As I came riding o'er the Slough,
I met with a Farmer's Daughter;
Rosie Cheeks and bonny Brow,
geud faith made my mouth to water.

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,
meaning to shew my breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
her Visage far exceeding;

I ask'd her where she went so soon,
and long'd to begin a Parley;
She told me unto the next Market-Town,
a purpose to sell her Barley.

In this Purse, sweet Soul, said I,
twenty pound lies fairly,
Seek no farther one to buy,
for I'se take all thy Barley:
Twenty more shall purchase delight,
thy Person I Love so dearly,
If thou wilt lig by me all night,
And gang home in the morning early.

If Forty pound would buy the Globe,
this I'de not do Sir;
Or were my Friends as poor as *Job*,
I'd never raise 'em so Sir:
For shou'd you prove to Night my Friend,
we'se get a young Kid together,
And you'd be gone ere nine Months end,
and where should I find the Father?

Pray what would my Parents say,
if I should be so silly,
To give my Maidenhead away
and lose my true Love *Billy?*
Oh, this would bring me to Disgrace,
and therefore I say you nay, Sir;

And if that me you would Embrace,
first Marry, and then you may Sir.

I told her I had Wedded been,
fourteen years and longer,
Else I'd chuse her for my Queen,
and tye the Knot yet stronger.
She bid me then no farther rome,
but manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep my Purse for poor Spouse at home,
for some other shall have her Barley.

Then as swift as any Roe,
she rode away and left me;
After her I could not go,
of Joy she quite bereft me:
Thus I myself did disapoint
for she did leave me fairly
My words knock'd all things out of joint,
I lost both the maid and barley.

DICK THE PLOW-MAN TURN'D DOCTOR;

OR

THE LOVE SICK MAIDEN CURED

SHEWING HOW A COUNTRY MAID IN KENT FELL IN LOVE WITH HER FELLOW SERVANT DICK THE PLOWMAN, AND HOW HE CURED HER OF HER SICK DISTEMPER, ETC.

[1685-88]

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 125; tune, *O mother, Roger*].

You Maidens all of London City,
pray come nigh and lend an ear;
And th'event of this my Ditty,
to you all I'le make appear:
'Tis such a one will make you smile,
make you smile, make you smile,
Then pray Maidens stay a while,
Some to hear't would come a Mile,
But your hopes, I'll not beguile,
Nor your expectation spoil.

Near Rochester in *Kent* there lived
a brave Lass whose name was *Bess*,
Such a Prank you ne'r did hear of,
as to you I will express:
'Tis such a one will make you smile,
make you smile, make you smile,
Then pray Maidens stay a while,
Some to hear't would come a Mile;
But your hopes I'll not beguile,
Nor your expectation spoil.

Now this maid was brisk and merry,
and had all things to content;
Hold! I do forget to tell ye,
there was something that ill went.
To be short, Sir, this is it,
this is it, this is it,
That this Maid was very sick;
Very, very, very sick:
Sick indeed, but pray for what,
Oh! for something Dick *has got.*

Now Dick the Plow-man he was brisk,
and this Maid was sham'd to ask,
Yet she thought with prithee, prithee,
for to win him at the last;
But this was no perfect Cure,
perfect Cure, perfect Cure,
For her grief encreased more,

More then e're it did before:
And sick she was, but pray for what,
Oh! for something Dick *has got.*

One Day when *Dick* was very jol'y,
and as he was driving Plow;
Then he spy'd her melancholly,
ah! says *Dick*, how do you now,
Ah! quoth she, I'm very sick,
very sick, very sick;
O, what shall I do, my *Dick*,
I am very, very sick,
Sick, says Dick, *I pray for what,*
O, for something you have got.

And *Dick*, 'tis you can only Cure me,
prithee do't before you go;
Good now *Richard*, pray assure me,
whether you will, aye or no:
My dear *Richard* don't deny,
neither from your promise flye;
For my grievous malady,
You can cure immediately;
Then pray now Richard, *give me that*
I need not name it, you know what.

Prethee *Betty* how should I know,
what the thing is that you mean;
Then she sighed, and cry'd Hi-ho,

such a Fool was never seen:
I must languish here and dye,
here and dye, here and dye;
And can't have a Remedy,
For my grievous mallady;
Was ever there so dull a Sot,
That knows not yet what he has got.

When they had understood each other,
Dick for joy did leave his Plow;
Give his Whip unto his Brother,
and he Swore he'd Cure her now.
Then unto her straight he goes,
and his skill to her he shows;
Brisk and blith she then became,
As anyone upon the Plain:
Now Maids you see what Dick *can do,*
Then try if he can Cure you too.

THE COUNTRY PARSON'S FOLLY;

OR

THE YOUNG DUTCH WOMAN OF WESTMINSTER COME OFF WITH FLYING COLOURS

[1685-95]

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 73; tune, *Folly, desperate Folly*, etc.].

It is reported in the *East*
a Schollar of late did dwell,
Who on young Maids did love to feast,
It pleased his humour well:
But, coming to *London* he chanc'd to adore
A pritty *Dutch Frow*, which did pay his old score;
Now this was a plague, and the devil all o'er.
O parson, delicate parson,
How do you like the Town.

He came to a *Dutch* ordnary,
where he the young frow beheld,

And when her tempting charms he see,
he was with a rapture fill'd:
She was of the birth and the breed of the *Dutch*,
He pull'd out his money, altho' 'twas not much;
For why he was eager and mad for a touch.
O Parson, delicate Parson,
Why wou'd you play the fool?

Her country man a marriage read,
after the *Dutch* fashion too;
This done, 'tis said they went to bed,
without any more to do:
He pitch'd on a subject was hard by the rump,
And into her Pulpit he straightways did jump,
Where all the night long *he her cushion did thump.*
O Parson, delicate Parson,
Why wou'd you play the fool?

He gave her money the next day
to make her both neat and trim;
Silks, ribands, laces rich and gay,
in order to go with him
Down into the country, where [he] did reside;
For she was as sweet and as pleasant a bride
As ever young gallant did lye by the side.
O Parson, delicate Parson,
Why wou'd you play the fool?

He many solemn vows did make,
when he did the money give,
That he his love would ne'er forsake,
while he had a day to live:
But yet when his pocket began to be low,
Why then from his vows he was willing to go,
And likewise a scandal on her he did throw.
O Parson, delicate Parson,
why wou'd you play the fool?

He having had his fill of her,
he call'd for his coyn again,
Making a noise and strange demur,
resolving he would Arraign
This pritty sweet creature, his joy and del[ight,]
[? flight] Pretending she took it away by a slight,
Which loss was sufficient to ruine him qu[ite]
O Parson, delicate Parson,
Why wou'd you serve her so?

This pritty creature she was try'd
for what she had never done,
This was ill treating of a bride,
but she has the conquest won:
For when in the court at the bar she appe[ar'd,]
And that the wise jury the story had heard,
The schollar was flouted, the woman was cle[ar'd,]
O Parson, delicate Parson,
How did you like the Game.

In this you have not acted well,
alas, you are much to blame:
That such a man should *kiss and tell,*
O that is a burning shame;
If you had been wise, you had let her alon[e,]
And then your *grand folly had never been kn[own,]*
But now far and near it is scatter'd and blo[wn]
O Parson, delicate Parson,
Never do so no more.

YOUNG CORYDON

[1700]

[A Broadside Song with music; set by JEREMIAH CLARKE].

Young *Corydon* and *Phillis*
Sat in a lovely Grove,
Contriving Crowns of Lilies,
Repeating Toys of Love—

But as they were a playing,
She ogled to the Swain,
It saved her plainly saying,
Let's kiss to ease our Pain.

A thousand times he kist her,
Laying her on the Green;
But as he farther prest her,
A pretty Leg was seen.

So many Beauties viewing,
His Ardour still encreas'd,
And greater Joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her Breast.

A last Effort she trying,
His Passion to withstand,
Cry'd, but 'twas faintly crying,
Pray take away your Hand.

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,
The Minutes would improve;
This is the Time he told her,
To shew you how I love.

The Nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in amorous Heat,
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
My Dear, your Love is great.

But *Phillis* did recover
Much sooner than the Swain:
She, blushing, ask'd her Lover,
Shall we not kiss again?

Thus Love his Reve's keeping,
'Till Nature at a stand;
From Talk they fell to sleeping,
Holding each other's Hand.

CUPID'S VICTORY OVER THE VIRGIN'S HEARTS;

OR

LOVE IN ITS COLOURS

When *Cupid's* Dart does pierce the heart
of a fair Youthful Maid,
She's forc'd to bend, and not Contend—
his Laws must be Obey'd.

[*c.* 1701]

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, ii. 64; tune, *The Maids a washing themselves*].

Where's my Shepherd (my love) hey-ho,
On yonder Mountain amidst the Snow;
I dearly love him I vow, and now
will follow, and merrily to him go:
My young Shepherd has Beauty and Charms,
And I long to find him in my arms,
I long for Night, to Embrace him a Bed,
And I long to give him my Maiden-head.

Soft and sweet are the joys of Love,
Which every Virgin does long to prove,
I will not tarry, but Marry,
and every Rival will soon remove:
Bonny *Susan* does muse on all night,
Upon all our joys and sweet delight,
She dreams of Kisses, Embraces, and charms,
And she starts and thinks my love in her arms.

Sweetly looks the fair Bride in Bed,
With thousand *Cupids* all round her head,
She softly sighs, and wishes, and kisses,
as soon as the Curtains are closely spread:
Every Bridegroom does then what he please,
And the lovely Brides their flames appease,
I need not name what young Lovers do do,
For 'tis known to every one, I and to you.

Mark how kindly she looks next day,
More lively, lovely, more brisk and gay,
'Twould make maids long to be cooing & wooing,
to see how these wantons do sport & play:
Some new charm in his looks she espies,
And then he looks Babies in her eyes;
Then, while her fondling new pleasures does seek,
She kindly kisses and claps his cheek.

Vain it is to be nice and coy,
And let old Time all our youth destroy,

I like not Whining and pining,
for that which one easily mightly enjoy:
There are bonny, brisk lovers in store,
And then what can Maidens wish for more,
What need has *Susan* to sigh and look pale,
When she might o're *Thomas* his heart prevail.

Have not Women soft charms and Arts,
By Nature given to conquer hearts,
Which never does fail, but prevail,
as often as ever they shoot their Darts;
No brisk youth can withstand a Maid's charms,
But does strangely soften in her Arms;
The Roughest Hero in all the bright field,
To a brighter Beauty will bow and yield.

Now young buxom fair Maids come here,
and learn this lesson—(to Love give ear),
The little Boy is so pritty and witty,
and pleasant and soft, that you need not fear;
Roger he shall have *Cisley* and *Nan*,
And young *Kate* shall kiss my Ladies' Man,
Doll shall have *William*, and *John* shall have *Jone*,
And thus neither Sex shall lye alone.

THE FALL

[*b.* 1701]

[By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY].

As Chloe o'er the meadows past
I viewed the lovely maid:
She turned and blushed, renewed her haste,
And feared by me to be embraced—
My eyes my wish betrayed.

I trembling felt the rising flame,
The charming nymph pursued;
Daphne was not so bright a game,
Tho' great Apollo's darling dame,
Nor with such charms endued.

I followed close, the fair still flew
Along the grassy plain;
The grass at length my rival grew,
And catched my Chloe by the shoe;
Her speed was then in vain.

But, oh! as tottering down she fell,
What did the fall reveal?

Such limbs description cannot tell;
Such charms were never in the Mall,
  Nor smock did e'er conceal.

She shrieked; I turned my ravished eyes
    And, burning with desire,
I helped the Queen of Love to rise;
She checked her anger and surprise,
  And said, "Rash youth, retire,

"Begone, and boast what you have seen;
    It shan't avail you much:
I know you like my form and mien,
Yet since so insolent you've been,
  The Parts disclosed you ne'er shall touch."

THE THING

[*c.* 1705]

[A Broadside Song with music].

Fine Songsters Apologies too often use,
When call'd on I'm ready to Sing,
with Hums, or with Haws ne'er attempt to refuse,
and egad Sirs, I'll give you th' Thing th' Thing
and egad Sirs, I'll give you th' Thing.

Conceited, our Beaux Arm in Arm walk the Street,
In Idleness take their full swing;
Each levels his Glass, when a Lady they meet,
And if handsome they swear she's th' Thing.

Thus at Smithfield th' Jockey his Nag will commend,
What a shape, why he's fit for th' King;
He's Sound, Wind and Limb, on the word of a
Friend,
And for Spirits—He's realy th' Thing.

With smile of self Int'rest, the Landlord imparts,
Butt entire I always do bring;
Old Stings I draw that will cherish your Hearts,
And in flavour indeed 'tis th' Thing.

See Jenny with Jackey to Playhouse repair,
Miss Brent to hear warble and S'ng;
Pretenders to Music they pra'se ev'ry Air,
With I vow and protest she's th' Thing.

The Sportsman with Joy views the Hare in full speed,
In Extasy hears the Sky ring;
With cry of the Hounds and of each Neighing Steed,
And in Transport he cries 'tis th' Thing.

The Prude her own Person consults in the Glass,
Admiring her Finger and Ring;
Then 'cludes that her Beauty all others surpass,
And that Man must confess shē's th' Thing.

Jack Tar full of Glee to the Garden will strole,
In search S^rs of something like L—g;
There boards on Moll Jenkins, and swears by his Soul,
She Rig'd fore and aft quite th' Thing.

The Parson well pleas'd Trims the Smoaking S^r Loin
And slyly leers at the Pudding;
Lord bless me he cries, how nobly I Dine,
O Pudding and Beef is th' Thing.

But clasp'd in the Arms of a good natur'd Fair,
With mutual Embraces we cling;
That enjoyment alone dispells ev'ry care
Which you all must allow is th' Thing.

"YOUNG JOHN THE GARD'NER"

[*c.* 1705]

[A Broadside Song with music by H. PURCELL].

Young John the Gard'ner having lately got,
A very Rich & fertile Garden Plot,
Bragging to Joan, quoth he, so rich a Ground
For melons, cannot in the world be found:
That's a damn'd lye quoth Joan, for I can tell,
A place that does your Garden far excell;
Where's that, says John; In my arse, quoth Joan,
For there is Store of Dung and water all the
Year.

"MY LADY'S COACHMAN, JOHN"

[*c.* 1705]

[A Broadside Song with music by H. PURCELL].

My Lady's Coachman John, be'ng 'maried to her
Maid,
Her Ladyship did hear on't, & to him thus
She said,
& to him thus she said,
I never had a wench so handsom in my Life;
I prethee therefore tell me,
I prethee therefore tell me
How got you such a wife,
John star'd her in the Face,
And answer'd very blunt,
E'en as my Lord got you,
Hows that, why by the Cunt.

ROBIN AND NAN

[*c.* 1705]

[A Broadside Song with music; words by B. J. Alcock junior, M. B.].

Nan was Robin's fellow servant,
She could milk, and he could plow;
Robin's love for Nan was fervent,
But the damsel would not trow.
In the field or in the meadow,
Where so e'er she daily went,
Robin follow'd like her shadow,
All to give his passion vent.

See fair maid each living creature,
(only stubborn-hearted thou);
Do as all are taught by nature,
And to love's dominion bow,
Long his passion Nan resisted,
And had always kept her hold,
Had not fortune once assisted;
Fortune often helps the bold,

Nan would go to bed as usual,
Just as Robin went that way;
When her door made stout refusal,
Dame forgot and took the key;
Robin, proud of this occasion,
All his former hopes to crown,
Brought the maid, by fair persuasion,
On his threshold to sit down.

Now, said he, my charming blowsy,
Let us love and banish fear;
Dame, you know, is always drowsy,
We may talk and she not hear.
Thus one lucky minute doing
All the mighty work of love,
Ever after, without wooing,
Bob and Nan went hand and glove.

"NOW THAT LOVE'S HOLIDAY IS COME"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 120; with music, set by Mr. CLARK].

Now that Love's Holiday is come,
And *Madg* the Maid hath swept the room,
And trimm'd her Spit and Pot;
Awake my merry Muse and Sing,
The Revels and that other thing,
That must not be forgot.

As the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis said,
Clorinda broke out of her bed,
Like *Cynthia* in her Pride,
Where all the Maiden Lights that were,
Compris'd within our *Hemisphere*,
Attended at her side.

But wot you then, with much ado,
They dress'd the Bride from top to toe!
And brought her from her Chamber:
Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,
More sumptuous than the live-long day,
Or Stars inshrin'd in Amber.

The sparkling bullies of her Eyes,
Like two Eclipsed Suns did rise,
Beneath her Chrystal brow;
To shew, like those strange accidents,
Some sudden changeable events,
Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed,
Presag'd the blustring night,
With his encircling arms and shade,
Resolv'd to swallow and invade,
And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips, those threads of Scarlet die,
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lie,
Legions of sweets did crown,
Which smilingly did seem to say,
O crop me! crop me! whilst you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her breasts, those melting *Alps* of snow;
On whose fair hills in open show,
The *God of Love* lay napping;
Like swelling Butts of lively wine,
Upon their Ivory Titts did shine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waste, that tender type of man,
Was but a small and single span,

Yet I dare safely swear,
He that whole thousands has in fee,
Would forfeit all, so he might be
Lord of the Mannour there.

But now before I pass the line,
Pray, *Reader*, give me leave to dine,
And pause here in the middle;
The *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,
With all the *Hymeneal* flock,
The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

Whenas the Priest *Clarinda* sees,
He star'd, as't had been half his fees,
To gaze upon her face:
And if the spirit did not move,
His countenance was far above
Each sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joyn'd their hands,
And hamper'd them in Marriage bands,
As fast as fast may be:
Where still methinks, methinks, I hear,
That secret sigh in ev'ry ear,
Once, love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain,
And up the dishes in a train
Came smoaking two and two;

With that they wip'd their Mouths and sate,
Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
Ay marry, and welcome too.

In pairs they thus impail'd the Meat,
Roger and *Margaret*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Ralph and *Bess*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*;
And *Valentine*, eke with *Sybill* so sweet,
Whose Cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did meet,
As round and as plump as a Codling.

When at the last they had fetched their freez,
And mired their stomachs quite up to their knees
In Claret and good Chear;
Then, then began the merry din,
For as it was they were all on the pin,
O! what kissing and clipping was there.

But as Luck would have it, the *Parson* said grace,
And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Lass by the Fist,
And when he had squeez'd her, and gam'd her, until,
The fat of her face ran down like a mill,
He toll'd for the rest of the grist.

In Sweat and in Dust having wasted the Day,
They enter'd upon the last act of the play,
The bride to her bed was convey'd,
Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the
ground,

And in seeking the Garter much pleasure was found;
'Twould have made a man's arm have
stray'd.

This clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay,
Half bedded, like the peeping day,
Behind *Olympus* cap;
VVhilst at her Head each twittering Girl,
The fatal Stocking quick did whirle,
To know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at last did rustle,
All *disapointed* in the bustle,
The Maidens had shav'd his breeches,
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In such a storm I can you tell,
He sav'd his other stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
Even just as if a man had said,
Fair Lady have at all;
VVhere twisted at the Hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the sprightly Boy,
O! who wou'd fear the fall?

Thus both with Love's sweet Tapers fired,
And thousand balmy kisses tired,
They could not wait the rest;
But out the folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, & what they did,
There lies the Cream o'th' jest.

THERE WAS A KNIGHT AND HE WAS YOUNG

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 192, with music; *cf.* "The Courteous Knight" (*Merry Songs and Ballads*, i. 31)].

There was a Knight and he was Young,
A riding along the way, Sir;
And there he met a Lady fair,
Among the Cocks of Hay, Sir:
Quoth he, shall you and I Lady,
Among the Grass lye down a;
And I will have a special Care,
Of rumpling of your Gown a.

If you will go along with me,
Unto my Father's Hall, Sir;
You shall enjoy my Maiden-head,
And my Estate and all, Sir:
So he mounted her on a milk-white Steed,
Himself upon another;
And then they rid upon the Road,
Like Sister and like Brother.

And when she came to her Father's House,
Which was moated round about, Sir;
She stepped streight within the Gate,
And shut this Young Knight out, Sir,
Here is a Purse of Gold, she said,
Take it for your Pains, Sir;
And I will send my Father's Man,
To go home with you again, Sir.

And if you meet a Lady fair,
As you go thro' the next Town, Sir;
You must not fear the Dew of the Grass,
Nor the rumpling of her Gown, Sir:
And if you meet a Lady Gay,
As you go by the Hill, Sir;
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, Sir.

There is a Dew upon the Grass,
Will spoil your Damask Gown a;
Which has cost your Father dear,
Many Shilling and a Crown a:
There is a Wind blows from the *West*,
Soon will dry the Ground a;
And I will have a special Care,
Of the rumpling of my Gown a.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING BETWEEN JOCKEY AND JENNY

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 114; with music].

Then *Jockey* wou'd a Wooing away,
On our Feast-day when he was foo;
Then *Jenny* put on her best Array,
VVhen she thought *Jockey* would come to VVoo.

If I thought *Jockey* were come to Town,
It wad be for the love of me;
Then wad I put on both Hat and Goown,
Because I'd seem worstsome in his Eye.

Then *Jenny* prick'd up a brant breeght broow,
She was as breeght as onny clock;
As *Moggy* always used to do,
For fear her Sweet-heart shou'd her mock.

Then *Jenny* shoo tripped up the Stairs,
And secretly to shift her Smock;
But leard how loud her mother swears, [Lord]
O hast away *Jenny*, and come to *Jock*.

Then *Jenny* came tripping down the Stairs,
Oh Leard so nimbly tripped she;
But oh how *Jockey* began to stare,
VVhen he beheld hur fair Beauty!

Then *Jenny* made a Curtshy low,
Until the Stairs did touch her Dock;
But Leard how loud her Mother did lough,
VVhen shoo *Jenny* was come to *Jock*.

Then *Jockey* tuke *Jenny* by the Nease,
Saying my dear Lovey canst thou loof me?
My Father is Dead and has left me Land,
Some fair ould Houses twa or three.

Thou shalt be the Lady o'er them aw,
I doot, quod *Jenny* you do me mock;
Ad ta my saw, quoth *Jockey*, then,
I come to woo thee *Jenny*, quoth *Jock*.

This to be said after the SONG

Sea then they gang'd to the Kirk to be wad noow they den't use to wad in *Scotchland* as they wad in *England*, for they gang to the Kirk, and they take the Donkin by the Rocket, and say, good morn Sir Donkin, says Sir Donkin, ah *Jockey* sen ater me, wit ta ha *Jenny* to thy wadded VVife? ay by her Lady quoth *Jockey* and thanka

twa, we aw my Heart; ah *Jenny* sen ater me, wit ta ha *Jockey* to thy wadded Loon, to have and to hold for aver and aver, forsaking aw other Loons, lubberloons, black Lips, blue Nases, an aw Swiggbell'd caves? ah, an these twa be'nt as weel wadded as e'er I wadded twa in *Scotchland*, the Deel and St. *Andrew* part ye.

THE FAIR LASS OF ISLINGTON

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 118; with music].

There was a Lass of *Islington*,
As I have heard many tell;
And she would to Fair *London* go,
Fine Apples and Pears to sell:
And as along the Streets she flung,
With her basket on her Arm:
Her Pears to sell, you may know it right well,
This fair Maid meant no harm.

But as she tript along the Street,
Her pleasant Fruit to sell;
A Vintner did with her meet,
Who lik'd this Maid full well:
Quoth he, fair Maid, what have you there?
In Basket decked brave;
Fine Pears, quoth she, and if it please ye,
A taste Sir you shall have.

The Vintner he took a Taste,
And lik'd it well, for why;

This Maid he thought of all the rest,
Most pleasing to his Eye:
Quoth he, fair Maid I have a Suit,
That you to me must grant;
Which if I find you be so kind,
Nothing that you shall want.

Thy Beauty doth so please my Eye,
And dazles so my sight;
That now of all my Liberty,
I am deprived quite:
Then prithee now consent to me,
And do not put me by;
It is but one small courtesie,
All Night with you to lie.

Sir, if you lie with me one Night,
As you propound to me;
I do expect that you should prove,
Both courteous, kind, and free:
And for to tell you all in short,
It will cost you Five Pound,
A Match, a Match, the Vintner said,
And so let this go round.

When he had lain with her all Night,
Her Money she did crave,
O stay, quoth he, the other Night,
And thy Money thou shalt have:

I cannot stay, nor I will not stay,
I needs must now be gone,
Why then thou may'st thy Money go look,
For Money I'll pay thee none.

This Maid she made no more ado,
But to a Justice went;
And unto him she made her moan,
Who did her Case lament:
She said she had a Cellar Let out,
To a Vintner in the Town;
And how that he did then agree
Five Pound to pay her down.

But now, quoth she, the Case is thus,
No Rent that he will pay;
Therefore your Worship I beseech,
To send for him this Day:
Then strait the Justice for him sent,
And asked the Reason why;
That he would pay this Maid no Rent?
To which he did Reply,

Although I hired a Cellar of her,
And the Possession was mine?
I ne'er put any thing into it,
But one poor Pipe of Wine:
Therefore my Bargain it was hard,
As you may plainly see;

I from my Freedom was Debarr'd,
Then good Sir favour me.

This Fair Maid being ripe of Wit,
She strait Reply'd again;
There were two Butts more at the Door,
VVhy did you not roul them in?
You had your Freedom and your VVill,
As is to you well known;
Therefore I do desire still,
For to receive my own.

The Justice hearing of their Case,
Did then give Order strait;
That he the Money should pay down,
She should no longer wait:
VVithal he told the Vintner plain
If he a Tennant be;
He must expect to pay the same,
For he could not sit Rent-free.

But when the Money she had got,
She put it in her Purse:
And clapt her Hand on the Cellar Door,
And said it was never the worse:
VVich caused the People all to Laugh,
To see this Vintner Fine:
Out-witted by a Country Girl,
About hir Pipe of VVine.

A BALLAD OF ANDREW AND MAUDLIN

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 65; with music].

Andrew and *Maudlin*, *Rebecca* and *Will*,
Margaret and *Thomas*, and *Jockey* and *Mary*;
Kate o'th' Kitchin, and *Kit* of the Mill,
Dick the Plow-man, and *Joan* of the Dairy,
To solace their Lives, and to sweeten their Labour,
All met on a time with a Pipe and Tabor.

Andrew was Cloathed in Shepherd's Grey;
And *Will* had put on his Holiday Jacket;
Beck had a Coat of *Popin-jay*,
And *Madge* had a Ribbon hung down to her Placket;
Meg and *Mell* in Frize, *Tom* and *Jockey* in Leather,
And so they began all to Foot it together.

Their Heads and their Arms about them they flung,
With all the Might and Force they had;
Their Legs went like Flays, and as loosely hung,
They Cudgel'd their Arses as if they were Mad;

Their Faces did shine, and their Fires did kindle,
While the Maids they did trip and turn like a Spindle.

Andrew chuck'd *Maudlin* under the Chin,
Simper she did like a Furmity Kettle;
The twang of whose blubber lips made such a din,
As if her Chaps had been made of Bell-metal:
Kate Laughed heartily at the same smack,
And loud she did answer it with a Bum-crack.

At no *Whilsum-Ale* there e'er yet had been,
Such Fraysters and Friskers as these Lads and Lasses;
From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be seen,
But sure I am, much more from their Arses;
For had you but seen't, you then would have sworn,
You never beheld the like since you were Born.

Here they did fling, and there they did hoist,
Here a hot Breath, and there went a Savour;
Here they did glance, and there they did gloist,
Here they did Simper, and there they did Slaver;
Here was a Hand, and there was a Placket,
Whilst, key! their Sleeves went Flicket-a-flacket.

The Dance being ended, they Sweat and they Stunk,
The Maidens did smirk it, the Youngsters did Kiss' em,

Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd hands and
drunk;
They laugh'd and they gigl'd until they bepist 'em;
They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green
Mantle,
While their Breasts and their Bellies went Pintle a
Pantle.

HO BOY, HEY BOY

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 107; with music; set by Mr. CHURCH].

Ho Boy, hey Boy,
Come, come away Boy,
And bring me my longing desire;
A Lass that is Neat, and can well do the Feat,
When lusty young Blood is on fire.

Let her Body be Tall,
And her Wast be Small,
And her age not above Eighteen;
Let her care for no Bed, but here let spread,
Her Mantle upon the Green.

Let her Face be fair,
And her Breasts be bare,
And a Voice let her have that can Warble;
Let her Belly be Soft, but to mount me aloft,
Let her Bounding Buttocks be Marble.

Let her have a Cherry Lip,
Where I *Nectar* may sip,

Let her Eyes be as Black as a Sloe;
Dangling Locks I do love, so that those hang above,
Are the same with what grows Below.

Oh such a bonny Lass,
May bring wonders to pass,
And make me grow younger, and younger;
And whene'er we do part, she'll be Mad at the Heart,
That I'm able to tarry no longer.

"MAKE YOUR HONOUR, MISS"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 301 ; with music].

Make your Honour Miss, *thol loll, loll,*
Now to me Child, *tholl loll, loll,*
Airy and easie now, *tholl loll, loll,*
Very well done Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
Raise up your Body Child, *tholl loll, loll,*
Then you in time will Rise, *hoh, tholl la.*

Hold up your Head Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
Wipe your Nose Child, *tholl loll, loll,*
When I press on ye, *tholl loll, loll,*
Fall back easie Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
Keep out your Toes too, *tholl loll, loll,*
Then you'll learn presently, *hoh, tholl la.*

Bear your Hips swimmingly, *tholl loll, loll,*
Keep your Eyes languishing, *tholl loll, loll,*
Z—— where's your Ears now? *tholl loll, loll,*
Leave off your Jerking, *tholl loll, loll,*
Keep your Knees open, *tholl loll, loll,*
Else you will never do, *hoh, tholl la.*

If you will Love me Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
You shall Dance rarely Child, *tholl loll, loll,*
You are a Fortune Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
And must be Married Child, *tholl loll, loll,*
Give me your Money Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
Then I will give you my *hoh, tholl la.*

"BONNY PEGGY RAMSEY"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 219; with music].

Bonny *Peggy Ramsey* that any Man may see,
And bonny was her Face, with a fair freckel'd Eye,
Neat is her Body made, and she hath good Skill,
And square is her Wethergig made like a Mill:
With a hey trolodel, hey trolodel, hey trolodel lill,
Bonny Peggy Ramsey she gives weel her Mill.

Peggy to the Mill is gone to grind a Bowl of Mault,
The Mill it wanted Water, and was not that a fault;
Up she pull'd her Petticoats and piss'd into the Dam,
For six Days and seven Nights she made the Mill to gang;
With a hey trolodel, &c.

Some call her *Peggy*, and some call her *Jean*,
But some calls her Midsummer, but they all are mista'en;

For *Peggy* is a bonny Lass, and grinds well her Mill,
For she will be Occupied when others they lay still:
With a hey trolodel, &c.

Peg, thee and Ise grin a poke, and we to War will leanes,
Ise lay thee flat upon thy Back and then lay to the steanes;
Ise make hopper titter totter, haud the Mouth as still,
When twa sit, and eane stand, merrily grind the Mill:
With a hey trolodel, &c.

Up goes the Clap, and in goes the Corn,
Betwixt twa rough steans *Peggy* not to learn;
With a Dam full of Water that she holdeth still,
To pour upon the Clap for burning of the Mill:
With a hey trolodel, &c.

Up she pull'd the Dam sure and let the Water in,
The Wheel went about, and the Mill began to grind:
The spindle it was hardy, and the steanes were they well pickt,
And the Meal fell in the Mill Trough, and ye may all come lick:
With a hey trolodel, &c.

"ONE SUNDAY AFTER MASS"

[*c.* 1710]

[A Broadside Song with music; set by R. LEVERIDGE].

One Sunday after Mass, Dormet and his Lass,
To the Green Wood did pass.
All alone, all alone, all alone, all alone;
He ask'd for one Pogue, she call'd him a Rogue,
And struck him with her Brogue,
Oh hone, Oh hone, Oh hone.

Said he my dear Joy, why will you be Coy,
Let us Play, let us Toy,
All alone, all alone, all alone;
If I were too Mild, you are so very Wild,
You will get me with Shild,
Oh hone, Oh hone, Oh hone.

He brib'd her with Sloes, and brib'd her with Nuts,
Then a Thorn prick'd her Foot,
Halla lu, halla lu, halla lu;
Let me pull it out, You'll hurt me, I doubt,
And make me to shout,
Halla lu, halla lu, halla lu.

THE JOLLY MILLER

[*c.* 1710]

[From the 3rd act of *Don Quixote*, the words by T. Durfey; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ii. 273].

The old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter,
To grind her Grist quickly, and so return back,
The Miller so work'd it, that in eight Months after,
Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack;
Young *Robin* so pleas'd her, that when she came home,
She gap'd like a stuck Pigg, and star'd like a Mome,
She hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she hollow'd and hoop'd,
And all the Day long,
This, this was her Song,
Was ever Maiden so lericompoop'd.

Oh *Nelly*, cry'd *Celie*, thy Cloths are all mealy,
Both Backside and Belly are rumpled all o'er,
You moap now and slabber, why what a pox ail ye?

I'll go to the Miller, and know all ye Whore:
She went, and the Miller did grinding so ply,
She came cutting Capers a Foot and half high,
She waddled, she stradled, she hollow'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,
This, this was her Song,
Hoy, were ever two Sisters so lericompoop'd.

Then *Mary* o'th' Dairy, a third of the Number,
Wou'd fain know the Cause they so jigg'd it about,
The Miller her Wishes long would not incumber,
But in the old manner the secret found out.
Thus *Celie* and *Nelly*, and *Mary* the mild,
Were just about Harvest Time all big with Child,
They danc'd in the Hay, they hallow'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,
This, this was her Song,
Hoy, were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd.

And when they were big they did stare at each other,
And crying, Oh Sisters, what shall we now do,
For all our young Bantlings we have but one Father,
And they in one Month will all come to Town too:
O why did we run in such hast to the Mill,
To *Robin*, who always the Toll Dish would fill,

He bumpt up our Bellies, then hallow'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,
This, this was their Song,
Hoy, were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd.

TOM AND DOLL

OR

THE MODEST MAID'S DELIGHT

[1715]

[Words by DURFEY; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 27].

When the Kine had giv'n a Pail full,
And the Sheep came bleating home;
Doll who knew it would be healthful,
Went a walking with young *Tom:*
Hand in hand Sir,
O're the Land Sir,
As they walked to and fro;
Tom made jolly Love to *Dolly*,
But was answer'd, *No, no, no, no, no,* &c.

Faith, says *Tom*, the time is fitting,
We shall never get the like;
You can never get from Knitting,
Whilst I'm digging in the Dike:
Now we're gone too,

And alone too,
No one by to see or know;
Come, come, *Dolly*, prithee shall I?
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no*, &c.

Fie upon you Men, quoth *Dolly*,
In what snares you'd make us fall;
You'll get nothing but the folly,
But I shall get the Devil and all:
Tom with sobs,
And some dry Bobs,
Cry'd *you're a fool to argue so;*
Come, come, *Dolly*, shall I? shall I?
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no*, &c.

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to *Love's* a Friend confest
By the hand he often shook her,
And drank brimmers to the best, *&c.*
Doll grew warm,
And thought no harm;
Till after a brisk pint or two,
To what he said the silly Maid,
Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no,* &c.

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
In the Country or the Town,
And began to grow so mellow,
On the Couch he laid her down;

Tom came to her,
For to woe her
Thinking this the time to try:
Something past so kind at last,
Her no was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, I, I,* &c.

Closely then they joyn'd their Faces,
Lovers you know what I mean;
Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
Love was now too far got in;
Both now lying,
Panting dying,
Calms succeed the stormy Joy,
Tom wou'd fain renew't again,
And she consents with I, I, I, I, I, I, *&c.*

WILLEY'S INTREAGUE

[1715]

[Words by DURFEY; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 195].

'Twas when Summer was Rosie,
In Woods and Fields many a Poesie;
When late young Flaxen-hair'd *Nelly*,
Was way-lyd by bonny black *Willey:*
He Oagled her, and Teiz'd her,
He Smuggled her, and Squeez'd her,
He Grabbled her too very near the Belly;
She cry'd I never will hear ye,
Oh Lord! oh Lord! I can't bear ye,
Ye tickle, tickle so, tickle, tickle so *Willey.*

Soon the fit tho' was over,
And *Nelly* her Breath did recover;
When *Willey* bated his Wooing,
And cooly prepared to be going:
When *Nelly* tho' he teiz'd her,
And Grabbled her, and Squeez'd her,

Cry'd, stay a little, I vow and swear I could kill ye,
Another touch I can bear ye,
Oh Lord! oh Lord! I will hear ye,
Then tickle me again, tickle me again, *Willey*.

THE COUNTRY SHEEP-SHEARING

[*c.* 1719]

[Words by DURFEY: "made to the Watermens Dance"; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 68].

Jenney and *Molly*, and *Dolly*,
When young Lambs were a Roaring;
Robin and *Willey*, and *Harry*,
Met all at a Sheep-Shearing:
Lately a Match was made,
Plump *Jone* of the Valley,
Simper'd till Grace was said,
With *Roger* the Jolly:
Hodg the brisk and strong,
Could well give her a Fairing;
Joan the fresh and Young,
The best at the Sheep-Shearing.

Kissing and Pressing, the Blessing
Went round, none did resist 'em;
Sherry, brown Berry and Perry,
They drank till they bepist 'em:
Phillip some Fish had brought,

That newly were taken,
Kitt too had Coleworts bought,
For *Barnabys* Bacon.
Curds and Cream Divine,
The kind Lasses indearing,
Never Feast so fine,
Was known at a Sheep-shearing:

But whilst they trolling down derry,
Were all Eating and Drinking;
Never were Creatures so merry,
Faith, to e'ry ones thinking;
Georgy came Jumping in,
Without any bidding,
He had a Rival been,
And swore at the Wedding,
Cuffs and Kicks went round,
No speaking or hearing,
Thus in brawl was drown'd
Our Jolly Sheep-shearing.

A DIALOGUE SUNG BY A BOY AND GIRL, SUPPOS'D A BROTHER AND SISTER

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 143; set by Mr. AKEROYD].

He. Ah! my dearest, my dearest *Celide*,
Tother Day I ask'd my Mother,
Why thy Lodging chang'd must be,
Why not still lye with thy Brother;
She. I remenber well you did,
And I know too what she said,
Lissis is a great Boy, great Boy grown,
Therefore now must lye alone.

CHORUS

He. *To part us the Custom of Modesty votes,*
Unless you had Breeches,
She. *Or you had long Coats.*

He. I wonder what's in my little tiny Breeches.
Sure there's some Witchcraft in the Stitches,

She. Or what Devil here resides,
That my Petticoats thus hides,
For I long for a Kiss,
He. So do I.

She. Mother laughs an Hour or two, when I
Sometimes ask to know why,
A He and a She may not bed at our Size,
As well as two Girls,
Or as well as two Boys:
He. I will, since I am kept from you,
Get a Wife as soon as may be;
She. And I'll get a Husband too,
Three times bigger than my Baby.

CHORUS

Let's laugh then, and follow our innocent Play,
And kiss when Mamma is gone out of the way;
'This I fear we shall cry, when we know
For all that a Brother and Sister may do.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A TOWN SPARK AND HIS MISS

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 193].

She. Did you not promise me when you lay by me,
That you would marry me, can you deny me?
He. If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,
Call up your Witnesses, else I defie thee.

She. Ah, who would trust you men that swear and vow so,
Born only to deceive, how can you do so?
He. If we can swear and lye, you can dissemble,
And then to hear the Lye, would make one tremble.
She. Had I not lov'd, you had found a Denial,
My tender Heart, alas, was but too real;
He. Should a new Shower encrease the Flood,
Too soon would overflow.

He. Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,
Real to forty more Lovers besides me.
She. If thousands lov'd me, where was my Transgression,

You were the only He, e'er got Possession?

He. Thou could'st talk prettily, e'er thou could'st go Child;
But I'm too old and wise to be sham'd so, Child.

She. Tho' y'are so cruel you'll never believe me,
Yet do but take the Child, all I forgive thee.

He. Send your *Kid* home to me, I will take care on't,
If't has the Mother's Gifts, 'twill prove a rare one.

A LITTLE OF ONE WITH T'OTHER

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 169; "to the Scotch Tune of *Cold and Raw*"].

A *Beau* dress'd fine met *Miss* divine,
Resolv'd to Court and wooe her,
With Kiss and Hat, yet she all that
Thought little good could do her:
She gave a Frown, but would not own
His Love for all that pother;
Her Brain did soar at something more,
A little of one with t'other.

You may Sir skip my Hand and Lip,
That bear your idle Kissing;
Your Barren suit will yield no Fruit,
If something else be missing:
I wont dispute, you may Salute
Your Sister, or your Mother;
But who'll o'refine his Joys, must joyn
A little of one with t'other.

To cheat me thus like *Tantalus*,
It makes me Pine with Plenty;

With shadows store, and nothing more,
Your Substance is too dainty:
A flow'ry Tree is like to thee,
And put a blooming Lover;
Flowers but Fruit, or else be mute,
A little of one with t'other.

Sharp joyn'd with Flat, there's Mirth in that,
A low Note and a higher;
The Alt and Mean, with Fuge between,
Such Musick we desire:
All of one String does loathing bring,
Change is good Musick's Mother,
Then leave my Face, and sound my Bass,
A little of one with t'other.

No warmth desire without a Fire,
No bargain without Writing;
In Rapture then clap too your Pen,
You were before Inditing:
And if I take the Lines you make,
As from a willing Lover;
Like Lawyers deal, first Write, then Seal
A little of one with t'other.

No greater truth cou'd warm the Youth,
The Lady's Breath was rosie;
He laid her down on flow'ry ground,
To treat her with a Poesie:

And whilst in hast he claspt her fast,
And did with Kisses smother,
She cry'd my Heaven, your sweetly given,
A little of one with t'other.

"BY MOONLIGHT ON THE GREEN"

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), v. 103; with music].

By Moon-light on the Green,
  Our bonny Lasses Cooing;
And dancing there I've seen,
  Who seem'd alone worth Wooing:
Her Skin like driven Snow,
  Her Hair brown as a Berry:
Her Eyes black as a Slow,
  Her Lips red as a Cherry.

Oh how she tript it, skipt it,
  Leapt it, stept it, whiskt it,
Friskt it, whirld it, twirl'd it,
  Swimming, springing, starting:
So quick, the tune to nick,
  With a heave and a toss:
And a jerk at parting,
  With a heave, and a toss, and a jerk at parting.

As she sat down I bowed,
  And veil'd my bonnet to her;

Then took her from the Crowd,
With Honey words to woo her;
Sweet blithest Lass, quoth I,
It being bleaky VVeather:
I prithee let us try,
Another Dance together;
Oh how she, &c.

VVhilst suing thus I stood,
Quoth she, pray leave your fooling;
Some Dancing heats the Blood,
But yours I fear lacks cooling:
Still for a Dance I pray'd,
And we at last had Seven;
And whilst the Fiddle play'd,
She thought her self in Heaven,
Oh how she, &c.

At last she with a Smile,
To Dance again desir'd me;
Quoth I, pray stay a while,
For now good faith ye've tir'd me:
VVith that she look'd on me,
And sigh'd with muckle sorrow;
Than gang ye'ar gate, quoth she,
But Dance again to morrow.

GOOD HONEST TROOPER TAKE WARNING BY DONALD COOPER

[*c.* 1719]

[*Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), v. 88, with music; tune, *Daniel Cooper*].

A Bonny Lad came to the Court,
His Name was *Donald Cooper,*
And he Petition'd to the King,
That he might be a Trooper:
He said that he,
By Land and Sea,
Had fought to Admiration,
And with *Montross*
Had many blows,
Both for his King and Nation.

The King did his Petition grant,
And said he lik'd him dearly,
Which gave to *Donald* more content,
Than Twenty Shillings yearly:
This wily Leard
Rode in the Guard,
And lov'd a strong Beer Barrel;

Yet stout enough,
To Fight and Cuff,
But was not given to Quarrel.

Till on a *Saturday* at Night,
He walked in the Park, Sir;
And there he kenn'd a well fair Lass,
When it was almost dark, Sir;
Poor *Donald* he
Drew near to see,
And kist her bonny Mow, Sir;
He laid her flat
Upon her back,
And bang'd her side Weam too, Sir.

He took her by the Lilly white Hand,
And kiss'd his bonny *Mary*,
Then they did to the Tavern go,
Where they did drink Canary;
When he was Drunk,
In came a Punck,
And ask'd gan he would Mow her;
Then he again,
With Might and Main,
Did bravely lay her o'er, Sir.

Poor *Donald* he rose up again,
As nothing did him ail, Sir;
But little kenn'd this bonny Lass,

Had Fire about her Tail, Sir:
When Night was spent
Then home he went,
And told it with a Hark, Sir;
How he did Kiss
A dainty Miss,
And lifted up the Sark, Sir.

But e'er a Month had gone about,
Poor *Donald* walked sadly:
And every yean enquir'd of him,
What gar'd him leuk so badly:
A Wench, quoth he,
Gave Snuff to me,
Out of her Placket box, Sir;
And I am sure,
She prov'd a Whore,
And given to me the Pox, Sir.

Poor *Donald* he being almost Dead,
Was turn'd out of the Guard, Sir;
And never could get in again,
Although he was a Leard, Sir:
When *Mars* doth meet,
VVith *Venus* sweet,
And struggles to surrender;
The Triumph's lost,
Then never trust
A Feminine Commander.

Poor *Donald* he went home again,
Because he lost his Place, Sir;
For playing of a Game at VVhisk,
And turning up an Ace, Sir;
Ye Soldiers all,
Both great and small,
A Foot-man or a Trooper;
VVhen you behold,
A VVench that's bold
Remember *Donald Cooper.*

"AS I WALKED IN THE WOODS"

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), iii. 169; *cf. ante* p. 61].

As I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,
A Lass was deploring her hapless Estate;
In a Languishing posture, poor Maid she appears,
All swell'd with her sighs, and blubber'd with her Tears:
She Cry'd and she Sobb'd, and I found it was all,
For a little of that which Harry *gave* Doll.

At last she broke out, Wretched, she said,
Will not Youth come succour a languishing Maid?
With what he with ease and pleasure may give,
Without which alass, poor I cannot live!
Shall I never leave Sighing, and Crying, and Call,
For a little of that which Harry *gave* Doll.

At first when I saw a young Man in the place,
My Colour would fade, and then flush in my Face;
My Breath it grew short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
My Breast never Popp'd up and down so before:
I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was all,
For a little of that which Harry *gave* Doll.

THE BUTTON HOLE

[1720-50]

[From *The Button Hole Garland*, p. 2; tune, *Abbot of Canterbury*].

I'm a Hole, tho' too narrow,
When first I am try'd,
Yet the thing I was made for
Can stretch me out wide:
Tho' at the first Entrance,
Perhaps I may teaze ye,
Soon after I commonly
Prove for to please ye.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'm long in my Shape,
And my Depth can't be found,
And when I'm stretch'd open,
My Form is more round:
Tho' I'm nothing but Mouth,
Yet no Teeth can you find;
I am chiefly before,
Tho' I'm sometimes behind.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

And as for my Colour,
If e'er you have seen,
The Whimsical Coat,
Of the Stage HARLEQUIN;
It's White and it's Red,
And it's Black and it's Brown,
Not a Colour on that,
But on me may be found.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Some whimsicall Fools,
Who quite bare chose to have me,
An Act in their Favour,
Petition'd there might be:
Then the K—g, and the State,
Took me into their Care,
And declared with one Voice,
They would choose me with Hair.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I was form'd in an Instant,
But was not compleat,
There was something still wanting,
They found not out yet:
Then the Members rose up,
All like Creatures bewitch'd,
And cry'd its worth nothing,
If 'tis not well flitch'd.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

To Modest Folks Ears
I would give no Offence,
Tho' the Meaning is double,
You may draw from hence;
You may think what you will,
But my Song's not obscene,
For 'tis Nought but a Button Hole,
Faith that I mean.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

VENUS UNMASKED;

OR

A MERRY SONG FOR AN AFFLICTED SINNER

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music].

Of jolly Rakes, and pleasing Dames,
Of Claps, Mishaps, and teazing Pains,
That do from Venus spring:
Of Love, and every sad Effect,
Which wanton Jilts and Fools neglect,
My Muse intends to sing.

These common Jades, that make a Trade,
In humouring every lustful Blade,
They're like Pandora's Box;
Whene'er they hug Men in their Arms,
With their deluding, 'ticing charms,
Outflies a Clap or a Pox.

Nay, she that scorns to sin for Bread,
But squeaks and blushes like a Maid,

When Men attempt their Joys;
Her eager Look yet may by Chance,
Contract the old Disease of France,
Tho Madam seems so coy.

The Lordly Beau, that keeps his Miss,
More safely to enjoy his Bliss,
When Love excites his Taste;
The wealthy Dame that does depend,
Upon her dear and chosen Friend,
[be stung] May both the stung at last.

The Statesman and the Statesman's Tool,
The zealous Wiseman, and the Fool,
Are all to Love inclin'd:
Great Ladies stray, as well as they,
And those that pray three times a Day,
A sinfull Hour will find.

Since all degrees of human kind,
The Rich, the Poor, the Lame, the Blind,
The Queen of Love adore;
But when their Vains are numb'd and cold,
They all grow angry when they're old,
Because they can sin no more.

Since that all trading Sparks and Dames,
Are subject to Venereal Flames,
As Doctors do agree;

All you that suck the Poison in,
When Pins and Needles make ye grin,
I pray repair to me.

At——both the Rich and Poor,
May find a safe and speedy Cure,
In every sad Degree:
Go East, go South, go West, in vain,
N——the Man must ease your Pain,
Tho' desp'rate your Case be.

Atlho' from Foot unto the Head,
Like unto Lazarus, you're spread,
With filthy Ulcers round;
My Remedies will burge your Veins,
Heal up your Sores, assuage your Pains,
And make you perfect sound.

NO WIT LIKE TO A WOMAN'S;

OR

THE OLD WOMAN FITTED BY HER DAUGHTER

[1720]

[From *The Exeter Garland*].

You Gallants all in *London*, pray draw near a while,
Here's a pleasant Ditty will make you all to smile,
'Tis of a Merchant's Widow that did in *London* dwell,
And she had Store of Riches, as many People tell.

She had a pretty Daughter, indeed she had no more,
And she was Heir, as we do find to all her worldly Store.
A Sailor came to court this Maid, but he was very poor,
Yet ne'ertheless this Maiden fair did him much adore.

This youthful Couple agreed to wed in a little Time,
If that the good old Woman they could get in Mind:
But of her Gold and Silver she such a God did make,
She kept her Daughter single all for her Fortune's Sake.

The Maiden said, *Pray, Mother, let me wed my Dear,*
For we have lov'd each other above these seven Years.
The Mother then she said, *Have him with all my Heart,*
But with one Farthing of your Portion yet I will not part.

The Daughter said, *Your Reason for this let me know,*
Six thousand Pounds my Father has left me, that is true,
As long as I have Wealth enough, I'll have the Man I love,
And therefore I do hope you will of the Match approve.

Then straightway in Passion the old Woman swore,
You're too young to marry yet, and therefore pray forbear,

For you must let me marry first, for tho' I'm old and gray,
I have a Tooth within my Head that's coltish I do say;

This Money 'twill bring me a Husband brisk and young,
'Tis Time enough for you to begin, I think, when I've done;
My Child, you ne'er knew the Bliss, and so you cannot pine,
As I for want of my Goodman have done a tedious Time.

Dear Mother, you make me blush to hear you talk so wild
But since you do a Husband want, I swear as I'm your Child
I'll stay till you're married first, and when it is my Turn,
I hope to have the Man I love, so let the Game go on,

Pray fit me for the Country, for there I mean to go,
And there the jolly Sailor will not be in my View.
The old Woman rejoic'd at this, fit her out straightway
Thinking she to *Worcestershire* would go without Delay.

This young crafty Damsel had a Frolick in her Head,
She sent then for her Lover, and unto him she said,
My Mother says my Portion must her a Husband buy,
For she without a Bedfellow no longer cannot lie;

And therefore I'm resolved this Frolick for to play,
I will cut my lovely Hair, and dress in Man's Aray,
A Suitor to my Mother I'll go in this Disguise,
And bite the good old Woman of all the golden Prize.

Her Lover he did heartily laugh to hear the same,
Saying, *If you do proceed, my Dear, 'twill be a pretty Game;*
But prithee do you not think but that she'll know your Face.
Ne'er fear, (said the Damsel) *for thus must stand the Case.*

I'll stiffle her with Kisses, and put her in Surprize,
I'll vow and swear I nothing see but Beauty in her Eyes;
And if at any time she gazes in my Face,
I'll on her Bosom lay my Head, her Bubbies to embrace;

I've a Friend that soon shall go, my Person to commend,

And tell I'm in Love with her, and soon she'll for me send:
So fare you well, my dearest Dear, this Frolick I'll pursue,
And every Day I'll let you know how all Matters go.

The old Woman thinking her Daughter out of Town
She was resolv'd not very long for to lie alone;
And she among her Friends a visiting did go,
In hopes a Husband for to get as she walk'd to and fro.

Her Daughter, drest like a Beau, one day she did meet,
Who kindly embrac'd her, & swore the Kiss was sweet,
Dear Madam, I'm so deep in Love, before that we do part,
I beg you'll tell me where you live, or you'll break my Heart.

She said, *Go along with me, and if your Love be true,*
You are a charming pretty Youth, and I can fancy you,
I've Store of Gold and Silver to make you rich and great,

A Chariot wherein you may ride, Footmen on you to wait.

She not thinking who this young airy Spark might be
She took her new Acquaintance home immediately;
This Spark fell strong to courting, & solemnly did swear
Ten thousand charming Beauties in her Eyes there were.

Then gave her melting Kisses, & pull'd her on's Knee,
And with her ancient Bubies play'd a pleasant Comedy.
The old Woman did simper, & was pleas'd to the Heart,
Saying, My Dear, a Diamond Ring, I'll give before we part.

Then up Stairs she took him to see her golden Store,
Saying, *The Day I marry* you, *I'll give you this and more;*
But can you love me heartily, tell me my pretty Dear,
Because you see that I am old, and stricken well in Years.

And you are but a Stripling, just in your youthful Prime,
I fear you will a Whoring run, and leave me for to pine.
Dear Madam, I did never love a Whore in all my Life,
I'll be as constant as the Dove when you are made my Wife.

My Dear, said the old Woman, *on St. Andrew's Day*
We will be join'd together in private I do say:
I'll make you Master of my Store before to Bed we go,
That you better may reward my Love for doing so.

With many amorous Kisses they parted that Night,
She goes unto the Sailor her Joy and Heart's Delight;
She gave him the Diamond Ring and told her Success,
And tho' she had Breeches on, they lovingly embrac'd.

A courting to her Mother each Day she constant went
At length St. *Andrew's* Day came, to her great Content

To Church then to be marry'd this couple they did hie,
The Marriage being over, the Fun comes by and by.

As soon as e'er the Bridegroom came within the Door
She took him in and made him the Master of her Store,
Her Gold, Bonds, & Leases, she did to her Spouse resign,
Saying, *Take Possession of my Store for thou'rt fairly mine.*

This done, the Female Bridegroom began to be in Care
Which Way the golden Prize to convey unto her Dear,
Then turning to her Mother, said, *My Heart's Delight,*
We'll go abroad to dine to Day, and home to Bed at Night.

The Bride she had a Sister liv'd in *Hanover-Square,*
She agreed to go thither, and Spouse to meet her there,
Her Chariot was made ready, as soon as she was gone,

The Maid for the Sailor sent, & told him what was done.

Ten thousand Pound to the jolly Sailor she did give,
Saying, *To Morrow I'll be with you, if that I do live,*
But I must give my Bride my Company to Night
I fear the Bargain she'll repent before the Morning Light.

The Sailor went off, the Bridegroom went to the Bride
Soon as she enter'd the Room, the Aunt in surprise said,
I'm sure, if this your Husband be, I verily do swear
It is your only Daughter that does the Breeches wear.

The De'il take her if it be, (the Mother then did say)
Now stedfastly I look at her, I really think 'tis she;
But to be further satisfied, I solemnly do swear,
I will have the Breeches down to know what Sort of Ware.

Then rising in a Passion, did about the Breeches fall

The Daugher laugh'd heartily, she had no strength at all,
She said, *How can you be so rude such Things to discover?*
I'm sure I am as good a Man as ever was my Mother.

She got the Breeches down, & found that it was true,
She said, *Since you've me deceiv'd I'll surely make you rue.*
It is not in your Power, (the Daughter she did say)
You fairly did surrender your Treasure unto me;

So I'm resolv'd to Morrow to wed the Sailor bright,
I think it is high time I should, know the sweet Delight
That sets you thus a longing, and when that I have done,
You may get a Husband, when it comes to your Turn.

The old Woman tore the Teeth out of her Head,
Next Day the youthful Lady she did the Sailor wed.
The Mother still a hundred a Year does possess,
And when it comes in her Turn sh's to be carress'd.

"GIN 'ERE I'SE IN LOVE"

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music; set by Mr. ATFIELD].

Gin 'ere I'se in Love it sal be wi a Lass
As sweet as the Morn Dew that ligs on the grass,
Her cheek mun be ruddy, her Eyen mun be bright,
Like Stars in the skie on a cauld frosty Night;
O cou'd I ken sic a Lassie as this,
O cou'd I ken sic a Lassie as this,
I'd freely gang too her, caress her and woo her,
At once take up heart and sollicit a kiss.

My Daddie wad ha me to marry wi Bell,
But wha wad ha one that he canno like well,
For tho' she has Mickle, She's bleary and Awld,
Fu' Sawcy, Uncoo, and a terrible Scawld;
Oh Gin I'se had sic a Vixen as this,
I'd whap her and strap her,
So bang her and slap her,
The Devil for me might solicit a kiss.

Young Moggie wad fain lug me into the Chain,
She spies frisky at me, and blinks it in vain,
She trows that I'll ha her, I'se na sic a Foo,
'Cause *Willie* did for her a long while ago;
  Oh Gin I'se had sic a Wanton as this,
    She'd horn me and scorn me,
    And hugely adorn me,
And e'er she'd kiss me, gi' another a kiss.

But find me a Lassie wha's youthful and gay,
And blith as a starling, as pleasant as May:
Wha's free fra a' wrangling and jangling and strife,
I'll take her and make her me ain thing for Life;
  Oh Gin I had sic a Blessing as this,
    I'd kiss her and press her,
    Preserve and caress her,
And think my sel greater than Jove is in bliss.

THE BASHFULL MAID

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music].

Much I love a charming Creature,
But the Flame with which I burn,
Is not for each tender Feature,
Nor her wit nor sprightly turn,
  But for her down a down down, down derry,
    hey down down a down derry down.

On the Grass I saw her Lying,
Strait I seiz'd her tender waste,
On her Back she lay complying,
With her lovly Body plac'd,
  Under my down a down down, down derry, &c.

But the Nymph being young and tender,
Cou'd not bear the dreadfull smart,
Still unwilling to surrender,
Call'd Mamma to take the part,
  Of her down a down down, down derry, &c.

Out of breath Mamma came Running,
To prevent poor Nancy's Fate,
But the Girl now grown more cunning,
Cry'd, Mamma you're come too late,
For I am down a down down, down a,
For I am down, a down derry down.

"OF ALL COMFORTS I MISCARRY'D"

[1729]

[From *The Choice*, p. 141].

He. Of all Comforts I miscarry'd,
When I play'd the Sot and marry'd;
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,
Those that are in, would fain get out on't.

She. Fie! my Dear, pray come to Bed,
That Napkin take, and bind your Head,
Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. 'Oons! 'tis all one, if I'm up or lie down,
For as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone,
She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone?

He. From your Arms my self divorcing,
I this Morn must ride a coursing,
A Sport that far excels a *Madam*,
Or all the Wives have been since *Adam*.

She. I, when thus I've lost my Due,
Must hug my Pillow wanting you;
And whilst you tope it all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

He. Pox, what care I? drink your Slops till you die,
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a month from home.

She. If thus parted, I'm broken hearted;
When I, when I send for you, my Dear, pray come.

He. E'er I'll be from Rambling hinder'd,
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred;
To be sober I've no Leisure,
What's a Man without his Pleasure?

She. To my Grief then I must see
Strong Wine and *Nantz* my Rivals be;
Whilst you carouse it with your Blades,
Poor I sit stiching with my Maids.

He. 'Oons you may go to your Gossips you know,
And there if you meet with a Friend, pray do.

She. Go, ye Joker, go, Provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a Man like you.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE

[*c.* 1729]

[From *The Musical Miscellany*, ii. 56].

The Lawland Lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that graceful Mein,
And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie.

If I were free at Will to chuse
To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy.

The brawest Beau in Borrows-Town,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady;
Fra Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy.

A painted Room, and silken Bed,
  May please a Lawland Laird and Lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
  Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.

Few Compliments between us pass,
  I ca' him my Dear Highland Laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland Lass;
  Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
  Than that his Love prove true and steady;
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
  While Heaven preserve my Highland Laddie.

O my bonny Highland Laddie,
  My handsome, charming, Highland Laddie!
May Heaven still guard, and Love reward,
  Our Lawland Lass and her Highland Laddie.

GEE HO, DOBIN

[1730]

[A Broadside Song with music].

A I was a driving my Waggon one Day,
I met a young Damsel tight, buxom, and gay;
I kindly accosted her with a low Bow,
And I felt my whole Body I cannot tell how;
Ge ho Dobin, hi ho Dobin, Ge ho Dobin, Ge ho, Ge ho.

I long'd to be at her and gave her a kiss,
She thought me but civil, nor took it amiss;
I knew no recalling the minutes were past,
I began to make hay while Sun-shine did last;
Ge ho Dobin, &c.

I've six score of sheep, and each Ram has his Ewe,
And my cows when they lack to the Parsons Bull go;
We're made for each other, so prithee comply;
She blush'd, her eyes twinkled, She could not tell why;

Ah poor Jenny, fearful Jenny, ah poor Jenny,
hi ho.

I kiss'd her again, she reply'd with Disdain,
No kisses I want, prithee take them again,
Then whisper'd me softly the Weather was hot,
And her Mind ran on something, She cou'd not
tell what;
Ah poor Jenny, Coaxing Jenny, ah poor Jenny,
hi ho.

Then down in my Waggon this Damsel I laid,
But still I kept driving, for driving's my Trade;
I rumpl'd her Feathers, and tickl'd her scutt,
And play'd the round Rubbers at two handed Put;
Well put Roger, well put Jenny, well put Roger,
hi ho.

Her Breasts were as soft and as white as new
Cream,
And her motion kept Time with the Bells of my
Team;
When her Bubbies went up, her plump Buttocks
went down,
And the Wheels seem'd to stand, and the Waggon
go round;
Ah brave Roger, drive on Roger, ah brave Roger,
hi ho.

Then too, and again to our Pastime we went,
And my Cards I play'd fairly to Jenny's Content;
I work'd at her Pump till the Sucker grew dry,
And then I left pumping, a good Reason why;
Ah poor Roger, broken back Roger, ah poor Roger, hi ho.

I thought e'er we parted to had t'other Blow,
When slap went the Waggon Wheel into a Slough;
Which shatter'd her Premises out of Repair,
Then Roger's Pump handle ran the Devil knows where;
Ah poor Roger, flimsy Roger, ah poor Roger, hi ho.

THE COUNTRY LASS

[1733]

[From THOMSON'S *Orpheus Caledonius*, ii. 85].

Altho' I be but a Country Lass,
Yet a lofty Mind I bear—O,
And think my sell as good as those,
That rich Apparel wear—O.
Altho' my Gown be hame spun Gray,
My skin it is as saft—O,
As them that Satin Weeds do wear,
And carry their heads alaft—O.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep?
The thing that must be done—O,
With Garlands of the finest Flowers
To shade me frae the Sun—O.
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where Grass and Flowers do spring—O,
Then on a Flowry Bank at Noon,
I set me down and sing—O.

My *Paisly* Piggy, cork'd with Sage,
Contains my Drink but thin—O:

No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,
Or tempt my Mind to sin—O;
My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,
I think them unco fine—O;
And on a flowry Bank at Noon,
I set me down and dine—O.

Altho' my Parents cannot raise
Great Bags of shining Gold—O,
Like them whose Daughters, now-a-days,
Like Swine are bought and sold—O;
Yet my fair Body it shall keep
An honest Heart within—O,
And for twice fifty thousand Crowns,
I value not a Pin—O.

I use nae Gums upon my Hair,
Nor Chains about my Neck—O,
Nor shining Rings upon my Hands,
My Fingers straight to deck—O;
But for that Lad to me shall fa',
And I have Grace to wed—O,
I'll keep a Jewel worth them a',
I mean my Maidenhead—O.

If canny Fortune give to me,
The Man I dearly love—O,
Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve—O;

Expecting for a Blessing still,
Descending from above—O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
Repeating Tales of Love—O.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE

[1733]

[From THOMSON'S *Orpheus Caledonius*, i. 113].

When Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
And Broom bloom'd fair to see;
When *Mary* was compleat Fifteen,
And Love laugh'd in her Eye;
Blyth *Davie's* Blinks her Heart did move,
To speak her Mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn, Davie, *Love*,
And I shall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each Lad surpass,
That dwelt on this Burn-side,
And *Mary* was the bonniest Lass,
Just meet to be a Bride;
Her Cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her Een were bonny blue;
Her Looks were like Aurora bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their way,
What tender Tales they said!

His Cheek to hers he oft did lay,
And with her Bosom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder Vale, they lean'd them down;
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd I guess, was harmless Play,
And naithing sure unmeet;
For ganging hame, I heard him say,
They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet;
And that they aften shou'd return,
Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth *Mary,* Love, I like the Burn,
And ay shall follow you.

IN CHLOE'S CHAMBER

[1738]

[JOHN BANCKS, *Misc. Wks.*, i. 260; "the whole Tale, of which this is a Relick, consisted of about three Times as many Lines as are now left"].

In CLOE'S Chamber, She and I
Together sate, no Creature nigh;
The Time and Place conspir'd to move
A Longing for the Joys of Love.
I sigh'd, and kiss'd, and press'd her Hand.
Did all—to make her understand.
She, pretty, tender-hearted Creature,
Obey'd the Dictates of Good-Nature,
As far as Modesty would let her.
A melting Virgin seldom speaks.
But with her Breasts, and Eyes and Cheeks:
Nor was it hard from These to find
That CLOE had—almost a Mind.
Thus far 'twas well; but, to proceed,
What should I do?—Grow bold—I did.—
At last she falter'd, What would'st have?—
Your Love, said I, or else my Grave.—

Suppose it were the first, quoth she,
Could you for-ever constant be?
For-ever CLOE, by those Eyes,
Those Bubbies, which so fall and rise,
By all that's soft, and all that's fair,
By your whole sacred Self, I swear,
Your fondest Wishes ne'er shall crave
So constant, so compleat a Slave!
DAMON, you know too well the Art,
She sighing said, to reach my Heart!
Yet oh! I can't, I won't comply.—
Why will you press? dear DAMON why?

* * * * * * * * *

DESUNT CÆTERA

For CLOE, coming in one day,
As on my Desk the Copy lay;
What means this rhyming Fool? she cries,
Why some Folks may believe these Lies!
So on the Fire she threw the Sheet.
I burn'd my Hand—to save this Bit."

"WHEN FANNY TO WOMAN IS GROWING APACE"

[1765]

[W. YATES, *New Songs etc. Sung at Vauxhall*, No. 4].

When Fanny to woman is growing apace,
The rose-bud beginning to blow in her face,
For mamma's wise precepts she cares not a Jot,
Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
Than among the gay youths a tyrant she reigns;
And finding her beauty such power has got,
Her heart pants for something—but cannot tell what.

Tho' all day in splendour she flaunts it about,
At court, park, and play, the ridotto, and rout;
Tho' flatter'd and envy'd she pines at her lot,
Her heart pants for something—but cannot tell what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
From him she likes best makes her ready to die;
Not knowing 'tis *Cupid* his arrow has shot,
Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell
what.

Ye fair take advice, and be bless'd while you may;
Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray,
Give ease to your hearts by the conjugal knot,
Tho' they pant e'er so much—you'll soon know
for what.

THE BUTCHER

[1766]

[From *The Rattle*, p. 13; tune, *The Fishmonger*].

A lusty young *Butcher* near *Leadenhall* dwelt,
Who never the force of LOVE'S *cleaver* had felt,
That terrible weapon which always excites,
Such sorrow and joy in the *heart* where it *lights*.
Derry down, &c.

Long time he had boldly defi'd CUPID'S quiver,
Resolving as yet to remain a free *liver*.
The *God* grew enrag'd, and at length gain'd the battle,
And *slaughter'd* poor PLUCK just as he slaughters *cattle*.
Derry down, &c.

It happen'd one day as he stood at his shambles,
Brisk DOLLY, the cookmaid, the sweetest of damsels,
To market for dinner came tripping close by,
At whom the young Butcher soon cast a *sheep's* eye.
Derry down, &c.

At sight of her beauties what mortal could cool,
Her skin it is said, was as soft as *lamb's wool;*
Her black roguish eyes shone as bright as his *steel,*
And her nice even teeth were as white as young *veal.*
Derry down, &c.

Like other young lovers, he sigh'd, ly'd, and swore,
And gazing with rapture her charms he ran o'er,
Then down on his *marrow-bones* begg'd for relief,
For ah! he was dying to be in her *beef.*
Derry down, &c.

But she had a heart was more hard than his *block,*
Her virtue he found was as firm as a rock,
She told him, unless he would make her his wife,
He ne'er should be suffer'd to stick in his *knife.*
Derry down, &c.

The heat of his passion his looks did be-*tray,*
The flame burn'd so fierce, he could no longer stay,
To the church they both went, and let it suffice
Old DOMINE *skewr'd* them up in a trice.
Derry down, &c.

And now, Master PLUCK, mind the council here hinted,

All women in love never like to be stinted.
Take care that her *mag* with *raw meat* is well fed,
Lest the horns of an *ox* should adorn your *calve's head.*

Derry down, &c.

TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK

[1766]

[From *The Rattle*, p. 31; tune, *The Women all tell me*, etc.].

The Poets and Painters in colours and rhyme,
By scythe, glass, and furrows, describe father *Time*,
His head bald behind, but to give it a grace,
One large silver *lock* hanging over his face.

From that the old proverb has taken its rise,
And trust me, my friends, 'tis both moral and wise;
In all the occasions of life's busy plan,
Take *Time* by the forelock, since life's but a span.

When *pleasure* invites to her palace of gold,
Where joys ever wait on the young and the old,
Ne'er heed what canonical pedagogues say,
Take *Time* by the forelock, and live while you may.

At night, when gay *Bacchus* supplies ev'ry guest,
And each jolly toper with liquor is bless'd;
Then let the full bumpers go briskly about,
Take *Time* by the forelock, and see it all out.

In love, as in wine, the same maxim pursue,
For tedious delay with the fair will not do;
Whe *Cloe* seems coy, and, though willing, says no,
Take hold of her *forelock* . . . . I mean that below.

DICK AND KATE

[1766]

[From *The Rattle*, p. 33; tune, *My Mother did so before me*].

As *Kate* was driving home her cows
last May-day in the morning,
The birds sung sweetly on the boughs,
Bright *Sol* the hills adorning;
Dick overtook the rosy maid,
With love his bosom glowing,
He caught her round the waist, and said,
"How far, *Kate*, are you going?"

"I'm going homewards (she reply'd)
"Then, prythee, do not hold me,
"For should I here with you abide,
"My mother she will scold me."
But *Dick's* bewitching artful tongue,
With pleasing words o'erflowing,
Soon gain'd its point, the maid was young,
And thought no more of going.

Beneath an oak's broad chequer'd shade
Young *Cupid* saw 'em seated;
And there sly *Kate* was not afraid
To grant all he entreated.
But while *love's meadow*, happy *Dick*,
With nature's scythe was mowing;
She smiling cry'd, just in the nick,
"How far are you now going?"

THE HUMBUG

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. STEVENS (1782), 133; tune, *The man who is drunk is void of all care*].

That living's a joke, Johnny Gay has express'd;
Fall de roll, toll loll.
In earnest we'll make all we can of the jest;
Loll de roll, toll loll.
A load of conceits, a long life we are lugging,
Which some are humbugg'd by, and some are humbugging.
Fall de roll, toll loll.

His Honour with consequence charges his face,
Bows round to the levee, and ogles his Grace;
Then whispers his friend, Sir, depend on my word,—
But if you depend, you're humbugg'd by the Lord.

Says Patty the prude, and she wide spread her fan,—
Me Marry! What? I go to bed to a man?
I detest all male creatures! my God!—I shall swoon!
She did—and was brought to—bed, faith, before noon!

To London Pa sent her, when bloom was regain'd,
Invi'late her maidenhead there she maintain'd;
For a virgin was wed, she knew how to be mum,
So gain'd a good husband, her husband a Hum.

Miss nicely observ'd, wastly wulgar's this word,
Immensely indelicate, monstrous absurd:
Yet last night, dear Miss, when you thought yourself snug,
You confess'd—without loving—life's all a humbug.

The wanton wife often, too often I fear,
Proves words to be facts when she calls her spouse Deer;
And enjoys the sweet chat as stol'n pleasures she hugs,
How cunningly now she her cuckold humbugs.

But husband at home, as few marry'd men wish,
Fall de roll, toll loll.
To dine ev'ry day on the very same dish,
Loll de roll, toll loll.
Makes a meal with her maid, the thing publickly known is
A tete-a-tete feast call'd Lex Talionis.
Fall de roll, toll loll.

THE FRIGHT

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. Stevens (1782), 214; tune, *Ah! Chloe! transported, I cry'd*].

One ev'ning alone in the grove,
Miss sat on the side of the green,
She wonder'd at what they call Love,
And what it was marry'd folks mean.
"All night how I tumble and toss,
"Yet neither want manner nor means;
"Alas! must I live to my loss,
"And wither away in my teens?"

Young Rhodophil ran up the slope,
As if he some sport had in view;
She trembl'd, betwixt Fear and Hope,
Irresolute what she shou'd do:
She saw him advance to her seat,
She saw him, but cou'd not away;
Love fix'd a large weight to her feet,
Curiosity told her to stay.

Desire gave grace to his tongue,
As lovers to lovers will speak;

Enamour'd, he over her hung,
  Then bow'd down his lips to her cheek:
He knelt, she attempted to rise,
  Tho' 'twas but a feeble essay;
The wildness he wore in his eyes,
  So scar'd her she fainted away.

THE SENTIMENT SONG

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. STEVENS (1782), p. 124; tune, *Sing Tantararara Toast all*].

Dinner o'er, and Grace said, we'll for business prepare,
Arrang'd right and left in support of the chair,
We'll chorus our song as the circling toast passes,
And manage our bumpers as musical glasses.
Sing Tantararara Toast all.

To your lips, my convivials, the burgundy lift,
May we never want courage when put to a shift—
Here's what tars dislike, and what ladies like best;
What's that you may whisper, why 'tis to be press'd!

Ye fowlers who eager at partridges aim,
Don't mark the maim'd covey, but mind, better game;
'Tis beauty's the sport to repay sportsmen's trouble,
And there may our pointers stand stiff in the stubble.

To game we give law, and game laws we have skill in,

Here's love's laws, and they who those laws are
fulfilling,
But never may damsels demur to our sport,
Nor we suffer nonsuits when call'd into court.

As the Indians are warring, our game we must flush,
On our breasts, as we lye, we present through a
bush—
Here's the nest in that bush, and the bird-nesting
lover;
Here's Middlesex bush fighting,—rest and recover.

Asthmatical gluttons exist but to eat,
They purchase repletions at each turtle treat;
Love's feast boasts a flavour unknown to made
dishes—
Here's life's dainty, dress'd with the sweet sauce
of kisses.

Fair befall ev'ry lass, fair may fine ladies fall,
No colour I'll fix on, but drink to them all;
The black, the brunette, and the golden-lock'd
dame—
The lock of all locks and unlocking the same.

More upright fore-knowledge that lock is com-
manding,
Than all other locks, aye, or Locke's understanding;
That lock has the casket of Cupid within it,
So—Here's to the key lads,—the critical minute.

Lads pour out libations from bottles and bowls,
The Mother of All-Saints is drank by All-Souls—
Here's the down bed of beauty which upraises man,
And beneath the thatch'd-house the miraculous can. [? cairn]

The dockyard which furnishes Great Britain's fleets,
The bookbinders wives manufact'ring in sheets,
The brown female-reaper, who dares undertake her?
And the wife of Will Wattle—the neat basket-maker.

Here's Bathsheba's cockpit where David stood
centry;
Eve's custom-house, where Adam made the first
entry;
The pleasant plac'd water-fall 'midst Bushy Park;
The nick makes the tail stand, the farrier's wife's
mark!

That the hungry be fill'd with rich things let us say;
And well pleas'd the rich be sent empty away.—
The miller's wife's music;—the lass that's lamb-
like;—
And fence of the farmer on top of Love's dike.

But why from this round-about phrase must be
guess'd,
What in one single syllable's better express'd;
That syllable then I my sentiment call,
So here's to *that word* which is *one word for all.*

THE PIPE OF LOVE

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. Stevens (1782), 116; tune, *Bless'd Age of Gold*].

One primrose time, a maiden brown,
Wishing for what we will not say,
By side of shepherd sat her down,
And softly ask'd him, wou'd he play?
Mild shone the sun through red-streak morn,
And glist'ning dew-drops pearl'd the grass;
The rustic, stretch'd beneath the thorn,
Grinning, reply'd—I'll please thee, Lass.

All on the green'field's turfy bed,
Smiling, the fond one fell along;
The thick-leaf shade her face o'erspread.
While, lisping, she began this song:—
"'Tis love which gives life holydays,
"And Love, I'll always take thy part;
"My shepherd's pipe so sweetly plays,
"It finds the way to win my heart.

"The ladies dress'd with silks so fine,
"In golden chains to visits go;

"On costly dishes they can dine,
"And ev'ry night see ev'ry shew:
"Yet, if 'tis true what I've heard speak,
"Those high degrees lead lonely lives;
"Husbands are wilful, husbands weak,
"And seldom pipe to please their wives."

Blue broke the clouds, the day yet young,
The flowers fragrant fill'd the breeze;
Wanton the lass, half whisp'ring, sung,
Yes, shepherd,—once more if you please.
Awaking from embrac'd delight,
She heard her dame, and dar'd not stay;
They kiss, they part, but first—at night,
She charg'd him, come again and play.

His team to geer, home hy'd the loon,
The love-sheer'd lass blithe bore her pail,
And thus she gave her ditty tune,
Tripping it deftly down the dale;
"Tho' organ pipes play music fine,
"And fountain-pipes folks run to see;
"Tho' thirsty souls love pipes of wine,
"The pipe of love's the pipe for me."

A TOAST

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. STEVENS; tune, *Ye Lads who approve*].

When running life's race, we gallop apace
  Each strives to be first at the post;
Mount Hope with catch-weights, for Fame's give-
    and-take plates,
  And pray what is Fame but a toast.

The taste of our days is poaching for praise,
  All men of their services boast;
And ladies by dress the same ardour express,
  Each wou'd if she cou'd be a toast.

Both sexes agree, over wine to be free,
  For Freedom's an Englishman's boast;
As freely we think, so as freely we drink,
  And a sentiment give for a toast.

What is life? prithee say, but a glass and away,
  While Health is our ruddy-fac'd host;
And when we abuse him, we're certain to lose him,
  By taking too much of a toast.

These common-place rhimes suit common-place
times,
Who now can of genius boast?——
Why, really, I think 'tis a science to drink,
And there's genius in giving a toast.

Even politics fail, altercation grows stale,
Of what now can either side boast?
No matter to us, all their farce and their fuss,
Deserves not the name of a toast.

The riots and routs of the ins and the outs,
Is only a newspaper roast;
Of cricket I sing, in and out there's the thing,
And there I'll attempt a new toast.

May our innings be long, may our bowling be
strong,
Middle-wicket I chuse for my post;
Come, bumper away, 'twixt the stumps your balls
play,
And win the game love—that's the toast.

MARIA

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by GEORGE A. STEVENS (1782), 151; tune, *Ianthe the Lovely, the joy of the plain*].

One day, by appointment, Maria I met,
That day of delight I remember it yet;
As the meadow we cross'd to avoid the town's croud,
The sun seem'd eclips'd, by a black spreading cloud:
Escaping the shower, to barn we fast fled,
There safe heard the pattering rain over head.

Some moments I suffer'd my fair to take breath,
Then, sighing, she cry'd, "Lord I'm frighted to death;
"Suppose nay, now, by any one I should be seen?
"Nay, nay, now,—nay, pray now—dear—what do you mean?
"Had I thought you wou'd be half so rude—fye! for shame!
"I wish I'd been wet to the skin e'er I came.

"You will have a kiss, then!—why, take one or two!
"I beg you won't teaze me!—Lord! what wou'd you do?

"You'll tear all one's things—I ne'er saw such a man!
"I will hold your hands tho!—Aye, do if you can:
"Is this your love for me?—Is this all your care?
"I'll never come near you again,—now, I swear!"

As she push'd me away, love explain'd by her eyes,
Resistance was only to heighten the prize;
Her face chang'd alternate, from scarlet to snow,
Her neck rose and fell fast, her language was low:
Such beauty! but more of that scene was not shewn—
For Decency here bid her curtain drop down.

The storm being over, all sunshine the air,
When instant rose up, the yet love-looking fair,
Crying, hark! there's one listens—do look out, dear,
I must be bewitch'd, I am sure, to come here,
My things how they are rumpled!—Lord! let me be gone;
What have you been doing? and what have I done?

Into this fatal place, I most solemnly vow,
I innocent enter'd—but am I so now?
I'm ruin'd,—I never myself can forgive—
I'll leap in the brook,—for I'm sure I can't live!—
If I do, my whole life will be wasted in grief,
Unless here to-morrow you'll give me relief.

A LOVE SONG

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. Stevens (1782), 120; tune, *Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air*].

Let him fond of fibbing invoke which he'll chuse,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or Madam the Muse;
Great names in the classical kingdom of letters
But poets are apt to make free with their betters.

I scorn to say aught, save the thing which is true,
No Beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;
She has charms upon charms, such as few people may view,
She has charms,—for the took-ach, and eke for the ague.

Her lips; she has two, and her teeth they are white,
And what she puts into her mouth they can bite;
Black and all black her eyes, but what's worthy remark,
They are shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in the dark.

Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are bearing,
'Cause each side her head should go partners in hearing;
The fall of her neck's the downfall of beholders,
Love tumbles them in by the head and the shoulders.

Her waist is—so—so, so waste no words about it,
Her heart is within it her stays are without it;
Her breasts are so pair'd—two such breasts when you see,
You'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had three.

Her voice neither nightingales, no! nor canaries,
Nor all the wing'd warblers wild whistling vagaries;
Nor shall I to instrument music compare it,
'Tis likely, if you was not deaf you might hear it.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they've carry'd,
And equally pair'd, as if happily marry'd;
But wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,
By her spouse so she's serv'd when he throws them aside.

Not too tall, nor too short, but I'll venture to say,
She's a very good size—in the middling way,
She's—aye—that she is,—she is all, but I'm wrong,
Her All I can't say, for I've sung All my song.

REPENTANCE

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. Stevens (1782), 57; tune, *In April when primroses paint the sweet plain*].

"The dictates of Nature prove school knowledge weak;
"Does not Instinct beyond all the orators speak?
"From their parts of speech we'll not borrow one part,
"Our lips, without words, find the way to the heart."

Thus as last night I sung, with my lass on my knee,
Methought one below, hoarse enquired after me;
We listen'd and heard him, his breathing seem'd scant,
And upstairs he stepp'd, with asthmatical pant.

The door op'ning wide, solus enter'd the sprite,
Black and all black his dress, sable emblem of Night:
His livid lips quiver'd, pronouncing my name,
And, head and staff shaking, declar'd me to blame.

Repentance (quoth he) won't admit of delays,
I insist, from this moment, you alter your ways.
As I star'd at him, slily, my bottle I hid,
Then punctually promis'd to do as he bid.

With unkerchief'd neck, sparkling eyes, and loose hair,
Her gown, single pinn'd, burst from closet my fair;
There she fled when the fright first appear'd in the room,
Then fell at his feet in the health of Love's bloom.

So graceful she knelt, and so tender her tone,
Then she sent such a look, Silver beard was her own.
I saw his eyes twinkle, blood flatter'd his face.
He fondly, tho' feebly, essay'd an embrace.

I left them, and, just as I fancy'd, the churl
Made a strengthless attempt to be rude with my girl:
She shriek'd, I rush'd in as he strove to escape,
And the Watch took Repentance away for a rape.

Ever since when we wanton in rapt'rous embrace,
The reproach-bearing wretch dares not shew us his face;
May each fond of each, thus enjoyment improve,
Be henceforth Repentance a stranger to Love.

A PASTORAL

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. STEVENS (1782), 46; tune, *Desparing beside a clear stream*].

By the side of a green stagnate pool,
  Brick-dust Nan she sat scratching her head,
Black matted locks frizzl'd her skull,
  As bristles the hedge-hog bespread;
The wind toss'd her tatters abroad,
  Her ashy-bronz'd beauties reveal'd:
A link-boy to her, through the mud,
  Bare-footed flew over the field.

As vermin on vermin delight,
  As carrion best suits the crow's taste,
So beggars and bunters unite
  And swine like on dirt make a feast;
To a Hottentot offals have charms,
  With garbage their bosoms they deck;
She sluttishly open'd her arms,
  He filthily fell on her neck.

On her flabby breasts one hand he plac'd.
No towels those breasts ever teaze
T'other fist grip'd her stays-wanting-waist,
Like ladies she dress'd for her ease;
Jack drew forth his quid, and he swore,
Then his lower lip, charg'd to the brim,
He scoul'd like a lewd grunting boar,
And squinting, she leer'd upon him.

"Oh, my love, tho' I cannot well jaw,"
This plyer at playhouse began,
"Not tobacco's so sweet to the chaw,
"As to kiss is the lips of my Nan:"
"Oh! my Jack," cries the mud-colour'd she,
And gave him such rib-squeezing hugs,
"In a dust-hole I'll cuddle with thee,
Aye, blast me! tho bit by the bugs."

Full as black as themselves, now the sky
To the south of the hemisphere lour'd,
To finish love's feast in the dry,
To a stable they hastily scour'd;
While hungry rats round them explor'd,
And cobwebs their canopy grace,
Undaunted on litter they snor'd,
Fatigu'd with dirt, drink, and embrace.

WHAT'S THAT TO ME?

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. STEVENS (1782), 122; tune, *The dainty dames who trip along*].

The blue clouds from the skies are fled
And vapours cap the mountain's head;
The lord of day resigns his reign,
While twilight ushers in her train.
But, what's all this to me?

By shepherds whistling o'er the wold,
The tink'ling flocks are drove to fold;
Her brimming pail the milk-maid bears,
And hears her love, or thinks she hears.
Yet, what's all this to me?

From reeking pools the steams ascend,
Tall leafy trees their shades extend;
Evening appears in matron grey
And puts to blush the rakish day.
Still, what's all this to me?

The flow'ry beds have lost their bloom,
The verdant grove's conceal'd in gloom,
The landscapes die upon the sight,
And chilly spreads the veil of night.
Well! what's all this to me?

Though dismal birds begin to prowl,
The flitting bat, the hooting owl;
And glow worms glimmer feeble rays,
The link-boys of the lightfoot fays.
Why, what's all this to me?

Yes, yes, in truth, for when 'twas dark
A light I 'spyd, and bless'd the mark;—
I hemm'd, and quick the casement op'd,
How leap'd my heart, my search was stopp'd.
And, that was much to me.

"Hist (cries my fair one) softly creep,
"The old folks are both fast asleep,
"Lord! how our house-dog makes a din!
"But I'll steal down, and let you in."
Now, what do you think of me?

When safe we met, few words were said,
For fear by voice to be betray'd;—
So what was done I will not say,
'Twas love look'd on, and bid us play.
But, what is that to me?

Love's raptur'd rites are secret joys,
Profan'd by sots and babbling boys;
But we initiates never boast,
Fidelity's our general toast.
Here's that my friend to thee.

THE PICTURE

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. Stevens (1782), 184; tune, *Fine Songsters too often apologies make*].

Wishing well to good folks, both on this and that,
By my own fireside with my Lass,
Not yawning, nor mute, but in spiritful chat,
To Old England I took off my glass.

The next to my King; and the third was a Joke,
Of all places I toasted the Best;
She seem'd not to hear, but her cheeks blushes spoke
The Wanton my sentiment guess'd.

Her bosom I press'd, to my lips it arose,
The crimson still flushing her face;
With love lisping laugh, she reply'd, "I suppose
"You presume I can guess at the place."

I answer'd, but first for my Fee took a Kiss.
Where the Temple of Love we attend.
Beauty's columns begin at the Fountain of Bliss:
In tapering outlines they end.

"On the top, at the Arch of Enjoyment unite,
"Curl'd tendrils the Pediment grace;
"For Cupid's Pantheon, the Shaft of Delight
"Must spring from the Masculine Base.

"If the Lady of this perfect Mansion you'll see,"
As I spoke, gave my hand to the lass,
"Oh, by all means," she said;—"then my dear
come with me;"
So I led my girl up to the glass.

Off she turn'd, with a pshah! yet no anger exprest,
Good breeding scorns Prudery's skreen;
'Mong our dinner-time toasts, when we drink to
the Best,
We only most excellent mean.

Remember, my Bucks, when you're aiming at Jokes
Be sure make the most of a Jest;
Not like the assembly of impotent folks,
Who prove themselves,—bad at the best.

Our Youths in their waists are now scarcely a span,
An insensible, expletive crew;
When Loveliness weds one, in hopes of a Man,
'Tis the worst thing a Lady can do.

Here's to Beauty a Toast, sir, but not Face alone,
Lower yet lies the Circle of Grace;

Beneath, where in centre Love buckles her Zone,
The Point of Attraction we place.

Let our Bottles, like globes, have elliptical sweep;
Geometrists mind what I say,
May beautiful Parallels distances keep,
To give Perpendiculars way.

THE END

[1782]

[From *Songs Comic and Satyrical*, by G. A. Stevens (1782), 53; tune, *The fool who is wealthy is sure of a Bride*].

Papilio the rich, in the hurry of love,
Resolving to wed, to fair Arabell drove;
He made his proposals, he begg'd she would fix,—
What maid could say no to a new Coach-and-six?

We'll suppose they were wed, the guests bid, supper done,
The fond pair in bed, and the stocking was thrown:
The Bride lay expecting to what this wou'd tend,
Since created a wife, wish'd to know for what end.

On the velvet peach oft, as the gaudy fly rests,
The Bridegroom's lips stopp'd, on Love's pillows, her breasts:
All amazement, impassive, the heart-heaving fair,
With a sigh seem'd to prompt him, don't stay too long there.

Round her waist, and round such a waist circling
his arms,
He raptures rehears'd on her unpossess'd charms.
Says the fair one, and gap'd, I hear all you pretend,
But now for I'm sleepy, pray come to an end.

My love ne'er shall end, 'Squire Shadow reply'd,
But still unattempting, lay stretch'd at her side:
She made feints, as if something she meant to
defend,
But found out, at last, it was all to no end.

In disdain starting up from the impotent boy,
She, sighing, pronounc'd, there's an end of my joy;
Then resolv'd this advice to her sex she wou'd send,
Ne'er to wed till they're sure they can wed to
some end.

And which end is that? why the end which prevails,
Ploughs, ships, birds, and fishes are steer'd by
their tails:
And tho' man and wife for the head may contend,
I'm sure they're best pleas'd when they gain
t'other end.

The end of our wishes, the end of our wives,
The end of our loves, and the end of our lives,
The end of conjunction, 'twixt mistress and male,
Tho' the head may design, has its end in the tail.

'Tis time tho' to finish, if ought I intend,
Lest, like a bad husband, I come to no end;
The ending I mean is what none will think wrong,
And that is, to make now an end of my song.

THE WILLING MAID, A DAY TOO YOUNG

[*c.* 1790]

[From *A Choice Garland*, p. 5].

As I was walking one May Morning,
I lean'd my back up to a tree,
There I was aware of a pretty young maid,
Come tripping over the lee to me. fal, fal.

She was as fair to look upon,
As any pretty maid under the sun,
I asked her then how she was,
But she smil'd and said I'm a day too young.

I am too young to be your bride,
I am too young to lie by your side,
It will bring disgrace to all my kin,
Therefore my love you ne'er shall win.

He clasp'd her round the middle so small,
And gently laid her on the ground,
It was once or twice he serv'd her so,
And he found she was not a day too young.

Now kind sir you have had your will
And robb'd me of my virginity,
O pray young man come tell to me,
When our wedding day must be.

My wedding day does not trouble me,
I ne'er intend to marry thee,
Of all the pastime we have had,
You have had your share as well as me.

As you have brew'd so you must bake,
And draw your ale when it is new,
Go carry your baby home to your mam,
And tell her you was not a day too young.

I wish to God my babe was born,
And smiling on his daddy's knee,
And I my self laid in my grave,
And the green grass growing over me.

THE COACHMAN

[*c.* 1790]

[From *A Choice Garland*, p. 4].

A Lusty young coachman his horses was driving,
With my whip, smack, smack, smack, gee up and gee ho;
A buxom young damsel came up to him skipping,
And ask'd him if to Petticoat-lane he would go.

As he held the coach door, his breast burnt with desire,
For she lik'd him much better than any spruce beer,
Then she bid him step in and boldly sit by her,
And what she most wanted she'd soon let him know.

Quite charm'd with his fair, on her back as she lay,
But who in his senses could hardly say nay,
But as he kept whipping the horses kept running,
O coachman drive harder, and don't drive so slow.

Then asham'd to be fool'd, when he found her knowing,
Resolv'd more courage and more strength to try,
But still she kept whipping the horses kept running,
And I'm afraid that my carriage will soon overthrow.

O then said the coachman I can drive no longer,
For my whip you have damag'd, and reins also,
So you may get one that's more knowing and stronger,
Or the devil may drive you again madam, says Joe.

The coachman got off, left the nymph full of sorrow,
While into his hat a crown piece she did throw;
Young man understand me, and meet me tomorrow,
Once more into Petticoat-lane we will go,
For I like your whip, smack, smack, smack, gee up and gee ho.

THERE'S HAIR ON'T

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; this version from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (collected by BURNS); tune, *Push about the jorum*].

'Twas but yestre'en I stinted graith,
An' labour'd lang an' sair on't;
But fient a wark, na wark wad it,
There's sic a crap o' hair on't.
There's hair on't, there's hair on't;
There's thirty threave an' mair on't
But gin I live anither year,
I'll tether my grey naigs on't.

An' up the glen there was a knowe,
Below the knowe a lair on't,
I maist had perish'd, fit an' horse,
I couldna see for hair on't.
There's hair on't, &c.

But I'll plant a stake into the flow,
That ploughmen may tak ware on't
An' lay twa steppin'-stanes below,
An' syne I'll cowe the hair on't.
There's hair on't, &c.

HE TILL'T AND SHE TILL'T

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; this version from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS; tune, *Maggie Lauder*].

He till't and she till't,
An' a' to mak a lass again;
The auld fumbling carl
Soon began to nod again.
An' he dang, an' she flang,
An' a' to mak a lassie o't;
And he bor'd and she roar'd,
But they coudna mak a lassie o't.

MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING

[*b.* 1796]

[From OSWALD'S *Caledonian Pocket Companion*; also in *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS].

My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
She winna be guided by me.

She play'd the loon ere she was married,
She play'd the loon ere she was married,
She play'd the loon ere she was married,
She'll do it again ere she die.

She sell'd her gown and she drank it,
She sell'd her gown and she drank it,
She row'd hersel' in' a blanket,
She winna be guided by me.

She did it altho' I forbad her,
She did it altho' I forbad her,
I took a rung and I claw'd her,
An' a braw guid bairn was she.

MADGIE CAM TO MY BED-STOCK

[*b.* 1796]

[A fragment of an old Scots countryside song; this version from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS; tune, *Clout the Cauldron*].

Madgie cam to my bed-stock,
To see gif I was waukin';
I pat my han' atweest her feet,
An' fand her wee bit maukin'.

Cunt it was the sowen-pat
An' pintle was the ladle,
Bullocks were the serving-men
That waited at the table.

THE COOPER O' DUNDEE

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS; tune, *Bonny Dundee*].

Ye coopers and hoopers, attend to my ditty,
I sing o' a cooper wha dwelt in Dundee;
This young man he was baith am'rous and witty,
He pleas'd the fair maids wi' the blink of his e'e.

He wisna a cooper, a common tub-hooper,
The maist o' his trade lay in pleasin' the fair;
He hoopt them, he coopt them, he bor'd them, he plug'd them,
An' a' sent for Sandie when out o' repair.

For a twelvemonth or sae this youth was respected,
An' he was as busy as weel he could be,
But bis'ness increas'd so, that some were neglected,
Which ruin'd trade in the toun o' Dundee.

A baillie's fair daughter had wanted a coopin',
An' Sandie was sent for, as oft time was he,
He yerkt her sae hard, that she sprung an end-hoopin',
Which banish'd poor Sandie frae bonnie Dundee.

GIE THE LASS HER FAIRIN'

[*b.* 1796]

[By BURNS in *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); tune, *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*].

O gie the lass her fairin', lad,
O gie the lass her fairin',
An' something else she'll gie to you,
That's wallow worth the wearin';
Syne coup her o'er amang the creels,
When ye hae ta'en your brandy,
The mair ye bang, the mair she squeals,
An' hey for houghmagandie.

Then gie the lass her fairin', lad,
O gie the lass her fairin',
An' she'll gie you a hairy thing,
An' of it be na sparin';
But lay her o'er amang the creels,
An' bar the door wi' baith your heels,
The mair she gets, the mair she squeals,
An' hey for houghmagandie.

O CAN YE LABOUR LEE, YOUNG MAN?

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; this version from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); collected by BURNS; tune, *Sir Arch. Grant's Strathspey*].

I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
Wi' arle pennies three,
But a' the fau't I had to him,
He cou'dna labour lee.
An' can ye labour lee, young man?
An' can ye labour lee?
Gae back the road ye cam again,
Ye shall never scorn me.

A stibble rig is easy plough'd
The fallow land is free;
But what a silly coof, is he,
That canna labour lee.
An' can ye labour lee, young man?
An' can ye labour lee?
Gae back the road ye cam again,
Ye shall never scorn me.

The bonnie bush, an' benty knowe,
The ploughman points his sockie in,
He sheds the roughness, lays it by,
An' bauldly ploughs his yokin'.
An' can ye labour lee, young man?
An' can ye labour lee?
Gae back the road ye cam again,
Ye shall never scorn me.

SHE GRIPPET AT THE GIRTEST O'T

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; this version from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); collected by BURNS; tune, *East Nook of Fife*].

Our bride flat, and our bride flang,
But lang before the laverock sang,
She pay'd him twice for every bang,
And grippet at the girtest o't.

Our bride turn'd her to the wa',
But lang before the cock did craw,
She took him by the buttocks and a',
And grippet at the girtest o't.

WHA'LL MAW ME NOW?

[*b.* 1796]

[By Burns in *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); tune, *Comin' thro' the rye*].

O I hae tint my rosy cheek,
Likewise my waist sae sma';
I wae gae by the sodger loon,
The sodger dit it a'.
An' wha'll maw me now, my jo,
An' wha'll maw me now;
A sodger wi' his bandileers
Has bang'd my belly fu'.

Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
O' mony a saucy quine;
When, curse upon her godly face!
Her cunt's as merry's mine.
An' wha'll maw me now, &c.

Our dame has aye her ain guidman,
And fucks for glutton greed,

An' yet misca's a puir young thing,
That fucks alane for breid.
An' wha'll maw me now, &c.

Alack! sae sweet a tree as love,
Sic bitter fruit should bear!
Alack that e'er a merry shove
Should draw so mony a tear.
An' wha'll maw me now, &c.

But deevil tak' the lousy loon,
Denies the bairn he got!
Or lea's the merry arse he loe'd
To wear a ragged coat!
An' wha'll maw me now, &c.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; probably revised by BURNS in *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800)].

Put butter in my Donald's brose,
For weel does Donald fa' that;
I loe my Donald's tartans hose,
His naked prick, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that;
The lassie gat a skelpit doup
But wan the day for a' that.

For Donald swore a solemn aith,
By his first hairy gravat!
That he wad fight the battle there,
And fuck the lass, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that, &c.

His hairy bags baith side and wide,
Hung like a beggar's wallet;
His prick stood like a rolling pin,
She snickered when she saw that!!!
For a' that, and a' that, &c.

Then she turned up her hairy cunt,
And she bade Donald claw that:
The deevil's dizzen Donald drew,
And Donald gied her a' that.
For a' that, and a' that, &c.

"AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS"

[1798]

[Sung by Mr. Edwin in *The Agreable Surprise*].

Amo, amas, I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender;
Sweet cowslip's grace is her nom'tive case,
And she's of the feminine gender,
  Rorum corum, sunt divorum, harum scarum,
  Divo! tag rag, merry derry, perry wig and hat
    band,
  Hic, hoc, horum, genetivo!

Can I decline a Nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is dulcis;
Her oculus bright, her manus white
And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.
    Rorum corum, &c.

Oh, how bella my puella!
I'll kiss secula seculorum;
If I've luck Sir, she's my uxor,
O dies benedictorum!
    Rorum corum, &c.

Amo, amas, I love a lass,
As a ceadar tall and slender;
Upon her back, I lay her flat,
And tickle her feminine gender.
Rorum corum, &c.

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